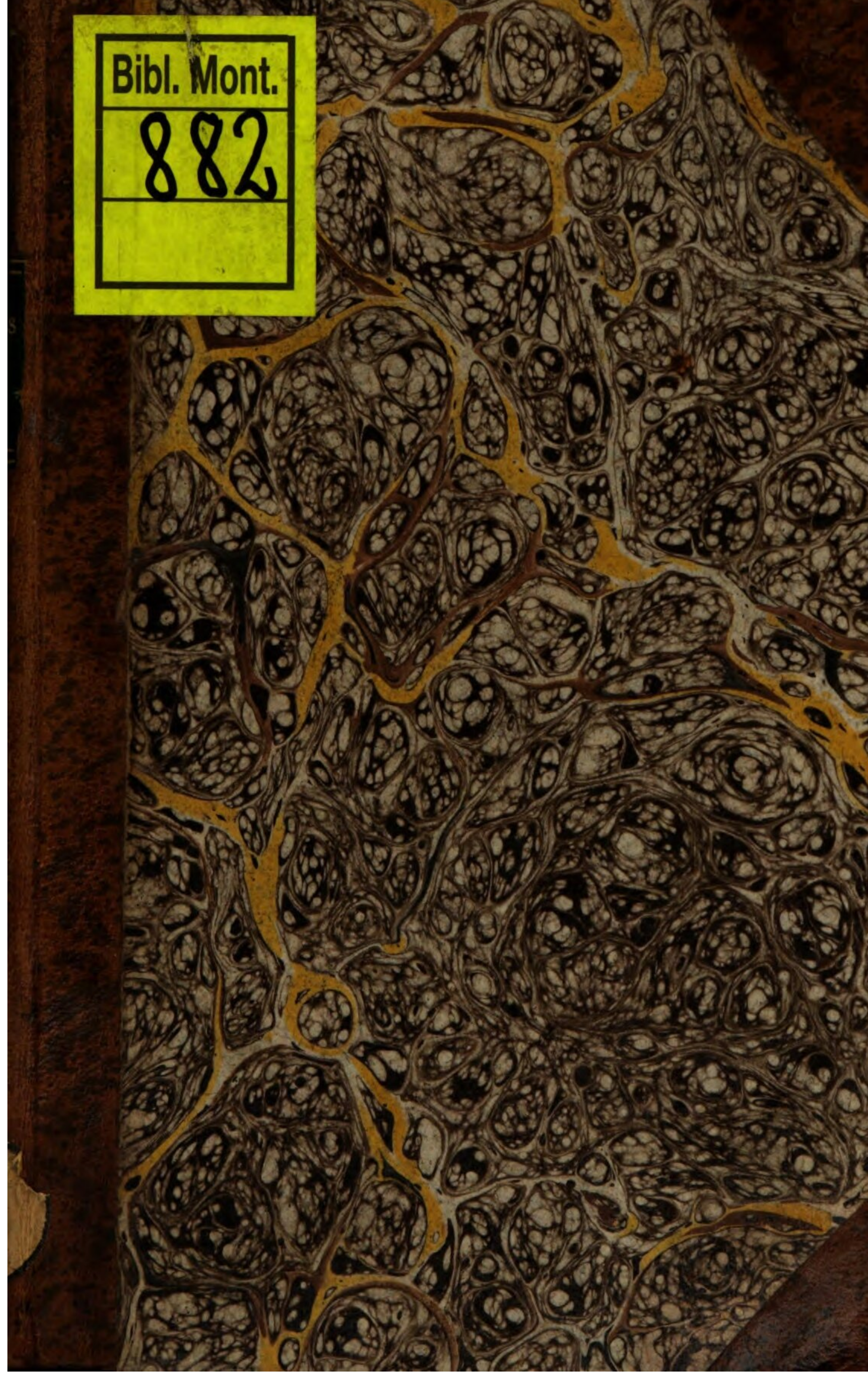


Bibl. Mont.

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Bibi. Mont. —



The Beauties of
Being
Elegant Extracts Care
from all his
With a Dictionary
Or antiquated



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AT no period of time has the study of SHAKSPEARE been so universal as at present ; nor is there any circumstance more honourable to the good taste of the Public to be pointed out. New editions make their appearance, and new editions are projected, with a rapidity which can only be equalled by the eagerness with which they are received. Amidst the various publications of this immortal Author, the present Selection from his works has had the honour to receive the most ample testimony in its favour, by the sale of five numerous impressions. Being again called for, the publishers have reprinted it with Corrections and Amendments, which they flatter themselves will do credit to their own liberality and attention. Concerning the work itself they deem it unnecessary to add any thing to the eulogium which the rapid sale bears the best testimony of ; being convinced, in the words of their Author, that

“ Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale

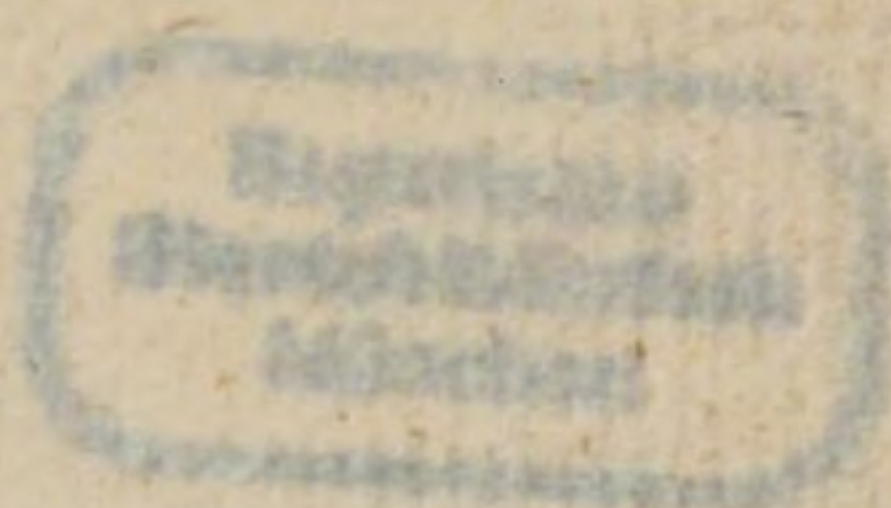
“ Its infinite variety. ”

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His infinite variety."



PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION,

1784.

THE excellencies of our great Dramatic Poet are so well known, and so universally acknowledged, that it may seem unnecessary to dwell on perfections, which every one confesses, and which even Envy itself has no longer the effrontery to deny. If any author is entitled to the appellation of an Universal Genius, on whom can that honourable distinction be more readily conferred, than on him who, with the most subtle penetration, has pierced through the dark recesses of the human heart; who has painted the most beautiful scenes of nature; who has given life and action to virtue, inculcating the noblest system of morality, and animating mankind to tread those steps which lead to the happiness of individuals, and, in consequence, to the general good of the community?

Poetry too often is considered as a mere relief, to fill up the vacancy of indolence, or to dissipate the languor of inattention; and so seldom is it employed in effecting its noblest purposes, that the neglect of it can neither be wondered at, nor condemned. It is, however, calculated to answer ends more important than the gratification of idleness: the purposes of amusement are, and ought to be,

only its secondary considerations. It has for its ultimate object the interest and welfare of society; and, if properly directed, may be made instrumental in enlarging the mind, extending the views; and, by supplying materials for reflection, imperceptibly leads mankind to the knowledge and practice of virtue.

It is well observed by an excellent writer ¹, that “we are apt to consider Shakspeare only as a poet, but he is certainly one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived.” And of the same sentiments is the never-enough to be commended author who may himself be called the Moral Philosopher of the present times: “It is said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept: and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and œconomical prudence ².” Again, “From his writings a system of social duty may be collected ³.” These sentiments frequently suggested themselves to the collector of the present volume, long before he saw them confirmed by such respectable authorities. The idea thus presented to his mind, first gave rise to a wish, that the truth of it might be exemplified in a selection of those observations on the conduct of human life, scattered through various parts of the writings of our divine author, digested and arranged in that

¹ Mrs Montague’s Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, 8vo. p. 59, second edition.

² Preface to Johnson’s Shakspeare, p. 5.

³ *Ibid.* p. 15.

order that might be useful as well to the learned as the uninformed, to the scholar as to the novice. He thought such a compilation would be generally useful; and was convinced that in the whole circle of English literature, no author afforded so many and such various observations on life and manners—so much and such useful knowledge of the human heart.

As the title of this volume agrees with the work of a late unfortunate Author, it may be necessary to observe, that the present performance was begun with different views from its predecessor, and is conducted in a different manner. The end of the former appears to have been intended chiefly as a vehicle to display the compiler's reading and critical talents. The present has no higher aim than a selection useful for reference to the learned, for instruction to the ignorant, and information to all. The knowledge which may be derived from it, is too extensive to be pointed out in this place; but it may be asserted, with modesty and truth, that whoever is concerned in the business of education, will find it very serviceable in impressing on the memory of youth some of the sublimest and most important lessons of morality and religion. As such, it is offered to the attention of instructors of both sexes; as such, the Compiler does not hesitate to say, no person, into whose hands it may come, will meet with any disappointment.

THUS far the present Compiler ventured to

deliver his opinion on the first publication of this work; and he feels some satisfaction in discovering that he has not been singular in his ideas. The sale of very large impressions of the former editions has prompted him to revise and improve the collection, to render it still more useful, and still more worthy the favour which has been shown it. Besides, therefore, an addition of beautiful passages, there is now added a Selection of detached Scenes from different Plays, which cannot but afford pleasure to the admirers of this divine poet. To enlarge further on the present work the Editor deems unnecessary, as the public approbation has already given so complete and so satisfactory a sanction to his labours. He therefore once again presents it to the world, in full confidence that the more it is examined, the more apparent its usefulness will be found; convinced that the study of the best Poet in the world will produce the most beneficial influence on the great interests of Society.



ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THIS amazing genius, no less the glory of his country than of human nature, was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d of April, 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as genteel. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family (ten children in all), that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where it is probable he acquired what little learning he was master of. But the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and prevented his farther proficiency in languages. It has been proved to a demonstration by the learned Dr. Farmer, that, whatever imitations of the ancients we find in our author's works, he was indebted for them to such translations as were then extant, and easy of access; and it is more than probable that his want of acquaintance with the originals might rather be of

service to him than the contrary : for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare ; and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him ; and, in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time ; till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up : and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company ; and,

amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. This, probably the first essay of his poetry, if it be the same preserved by Mr. Stevens in the last edition of this author, viz. that of 1778, is truly contemptible: it however redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

Tradition has informed us that it was upon this accident he made his first acquaintance in the playhouse; and Mr. Malone, with great probability, conjectures that his introduction there arose from his relationship to Greene, a celebrated performer at that period. In what capacity he was originally received, I have no positive information; and I pay no attention to the idle story of his being employed as the holder of horses. The writer last mentioned supposes he began to write about the year 1591; and the arrangement of his plays by that gentleman remaining undisputed, the presumption of its accuracy is sufficiently established. The rank which he held in the theatre, as a performer, appears not to have been elevated; and from the best accounts we learn, that, as an actor, he never soared above, if he even reached, mediocrity. The Ghost in Hamlet,

Old Knowel in *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Adam* in *As you like It*, are the parts which, with the greatest appearance of certainty, may be ascribed to him; and, in general, the characters of old men seem to have been his cast. To this choice a natural infirmity may have contributed; as we find, in his Sonnets, some hints that he was lame, and consequently not properly qualified for the representative of youth and agility. But, though his success as a player was but inconsiderable, it was sufficiently made up to him as an author. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted it; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to: a bounty very great and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitudes or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn; more than that every one who had a

true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writing to the public. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had some advantage over Shakspeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what Nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion, was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, Endymion Porter, M. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson, with some warmth.

Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, "that if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that, if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare."

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasions; and in that, to his wish: and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

He died on his birth-day, the 23d of April 1616, in the 53d year of his age; and was buried on the north side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, representing him under an arch in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll of paper. Beneath is the following inscription:

*Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*

‘ Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast!
‘ Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plac’d
‘ Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
‘ Quick Nature died, whose name doth deck the tomb

‘Far more than cost ; since all that he hath writ
‘Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit.’

On his grave stone underneath is—

‘Good friends, for Jesus’ sake forbear
‘To dig the dust inclosed here.
‘Blest be the man that spares these stones,
‘And curs’d be he that moves my bones.’

He had three daughters, of whom two lived to be married, Judith, the elder, to one M. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children ; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard, of Abingdon ; but died likewise without issue.

The character of Shakspeare, as a man, is best seen in his writings : but since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer had been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted ; and to justify mine own candour : for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much

as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature ; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped : *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power ; would the rule of it had been so too ! Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter ; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

‘ Cæsar, thou dost me wrong ; ’

he replied,

‘ Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause : ’

and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

ADMIRATION.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks,
 windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges hors'd,
With variable complexions—all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Coriolanus, A. 2, Sc. 1.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1, Sc. 1.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

———— Beware of them, Diana! their promises,
enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines
of lust, are not the things they go under: many
a maid hath been seduced by them; and the
misery is, example, that so terribly shews in
the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dis-
suade succession, but that they are limed with
the twigs that threaten them. *Ibid.* A. 3, Sc. 1.

AFFECTION.

———— Poor Lord! is't I
That chace thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war! and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets! O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim! move the still piercing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which Nature owes
Were mine at once.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 3, Sc. 1.

——'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit, and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!—
But now he's gone; and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. *Ibid. A. 1, Sc. 1.*

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap;
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 4, Sc. 9.

AFFLICTION.

—No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news: and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

King Lear, A. 5, Sc. 5.

ALLEGIANCE.

———Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 3.

AMBITION.

———Nay then, farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness!

And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 2.

———'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder.
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lave it dry to have his way.

Henry VI, Part III, A. 3, Sc. 3.

———Oh, Silius, Silius,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve's away.

Ant. and Cleop. A. 3, Sc. 1.

AMBITIOUS LOVE.

———It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1, Sc. 1.

ANARCHY.

————— My soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other. *Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 1.*

ANGER.

————— Stay, my Lord!
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace. Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. —————

————— Be to yourself
As you would to your friend—

Henry VIII, A. 1, Sc. 1.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself;
And so shall starve with feeding.

Coriolanus, A. 4, Sc. 2.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Julius Cæsar, A. 4, Sc. 3.

What sudden anger's this! how have I reap'd it!
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Henry VIII, A. 3, Sc. 4.

ANTONY.

(Cleopatra's Character of him.)

His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted
The little o' the earth.
His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But, when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't, — an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shewed his back above
The element they liv'd in. In his living
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
Were as plates dropt from his pocket.
—If there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy: yet to imagine

An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 5, Sc. last.

APOTHECARY.

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples : meagre were his looks ;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Nothing this penury, to myself I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, Sc. 1.

APPARITION.

I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming. In pure white robes,
 Like very Sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts. The fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: — "Good Antigonus,
 " Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 " Hath made thy person for the thrower out
 " Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 " Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 " There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
 " Is counted lost for ever and for ever, Perdita,
 " I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 " Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 " Thy wife Paulina more." — And so with shrieks
 She melted into air.

The Winter's Tale, A. 3, Sc. 3.

APPEARANCES.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
 And, as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

The Taming of the Shrew, A. 4, Sc. 3.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful!

Why so didst thou. Or seem they grave and learn'd?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment.
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely moulted, didst thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd.
 With some suspicion.

Henry V, A. 2, Sc. 2.

APPLAUSE.

——— Such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 Doubtlets, I think, flew up; and, had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, this is my wife, there all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

Henry VIII, A. 4, Sc. 1.

APPREHENSION.

Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
 The better-part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind:
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads:
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

ARMY ROUTED.

—— No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought. The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying
 Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame. *Cymbeline, A. 5, Sc. 2.*

ART AND NATURE.

—— Nature is made better by no mean,
 But Nature makes that mean: so over that Art
 Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an Art
 That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By buds of nobler race. This is an Art
 Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
 The Art itself is Nature.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

ASTROLOGY RIDICULED.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of our behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting-on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

King Lear, A, 1, Sc. 3.

AUTHORITY.

————— Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, sulphureous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 4.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur; there,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of
authority—

A dog's obey'd in office——

Thou rascal beadle! hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore!—Strip thy own
back:

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whip'st her.—The usurer hangs the
coz'ner.

—Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

King Lear, A. 4, Sc. 6.

BANISHMENT.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence floor;
 The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
 For gnarled sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

King Richard II, A. 1, Sc. 3.

BASTARDY.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound: wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
 Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? wherefore *base*?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
 As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base, with baseness, bastardy, base, base,
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition, and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake?

King Lear, A. 1, Sc. 6.

BACHELOR'S RESOLUTION.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how
 much another man is a fool when he dedicates his

behaviour to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten miles to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not; I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it pleases God.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 2, Sc. 3.

BACHELOR'S RECANTATION.

I did never think to marry: — I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions,

and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can hear them witness : and virtuous; —'tis so I cannot reprove it : and wise— but for loving me : — By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; no, nor great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. — I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants long of wit broken on me, because I have railed so against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age : — shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No : the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 2, Sc. 3.

B A W D.

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches,
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life?
So stinkingly depending! — Go, mend! mend!
Measure for Measure, A. 3, Sc. 2.

BEAUTIFUL BOY.

—————Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years;
That say thou art a man; Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is, as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, Sc. 4.

BEAUTY.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, A. 1, Sc. 3.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Twelfth Night, A. 1, Sc. 5.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Love's Labour Lost, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, Sc. 4.

BEDLAM BEGGAR.

——Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself, and am bethought

To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever Penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with
filth :

Blanket my loins : else all my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike, in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep cots, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with
prayers,
Inforce their charity. *King Lear*, A. 2, Sc. 8.

BENEVOLENCE.

Oh, you Gods ! think I, what need we have any
friends, if we should never have need of 'em ?
They would most resemble sweet instruments hung
up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.
Why, I have oft wish'd myself poorer, that I might
come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits.
And what better or properer can we call our own,
than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious
comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers com-
manding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made
away ere't can be born ; mine eyes cannot hold
water. I drink to you.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, Sc. 5.

BLESSING.

———May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell years!
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

King Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 2.

BLUNTNESS.

———This is some fellow,
 Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
 Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
 And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupting ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

King Lear, A. 2, Sc. 6.

BRAGGARTS.

———I know them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words.
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
 And this is all.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5, Sc. 4.

———What art thou! Have not I
 An arm as big as thine! a heart as big!
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. *Cymbeline, A. 4, Sc. 3.*

BRUTUS.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
 He only, in a generous, honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Julius Cæsar, A. 5, Sc. last.

CALUMNY.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure'scape: back-wounding Calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?
Measure for Measure, A. 3, Sc. 2.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shalt not escape calumny.
Hamlet, A. 3, Sc. 1.

CAPRICE.

———Men are April when they woo, De-
 cember when they wed: maids are May when they
 are maids, but the sky changes when they are

wives : I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry : I will laugh like a hyæna, and that when you are inclined to sleep.

As You Like It, A. 4, Sc. 1.

CAUTION.

—————Hear you me, Jessica.

Lock up my doors; and, when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears; I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 2, Sc. 5.

Oh, Buckingham! beware of yonder dog,
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him; beware of him.
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 3.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

——— Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would in his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 1.

CEREMONY.

——— Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Timon of Athens, A. 1, Sc. 2.

CHALLENGE.

——— Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Harry Percy : By my hopes
(This present enterprise set off his head),
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry :
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty : —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 5, Sc. 1.

CHANCE.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch
 To find the other forth; by ventr'ing both,
 I oft found both. I urge this childhood-proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost; but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that same way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

CHARM DISSOLVED.

———The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase th' ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. *The Tempest, A. 5, Sc. 1.*

CHASTITY.

———Were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Measure for Measure, A. 2, Sc. 3.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 4, Sc. 2.

The noble sister of Publicola,
 The Moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus, A. 5, Sc. 3.

CHEERFULNESS.

—————Let me play the fool—
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ?

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1, Sc. 1.

CLEOPATRA.

(Her Character,)

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 When most she satisfies.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Cleopatra's sailing down the River Cydnus.
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; th' oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The waters, which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description ; she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature ; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid—did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Cleopatra's supposed Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
 Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake
 Was Antony! most noble Antony!
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips: she rendered life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 11.

COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

—— So work the honey bees;
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sort;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent royal of their emperor,
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

King Henry V, A. 1, Sc. 2.

COMPASSION.

—— Oh! I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer; a brave vessel

(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart : poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any god of pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The freighting souls within her.

The Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
 Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
 Repair those violent arms that my two sisters
 Have in thy rev'rence made!
 Had you not been their father, these white flakes
 Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
 To be expos'd against the warring winds?
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick, cross lightning! To watch (poor perdu!)
 With this thin helm! Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
 Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father!
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
 In short and musty straw! Alack! alack!
 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
 Had not concluded all.

King Lear, A. 4, Sc. 10.

COMPLAINT.

For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land;
 Methinks I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd
 groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
 And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I tread.
 Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
 No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphry's wife,
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
 That he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
 Was made a wonder and a pointing stock
 To every idle rascal follower.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 2, Sc. 7.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
 My husband lost his life to get the crown:
 And often up and down my sons were tost,
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
 Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
 Self against self. O most preposterous
 And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more.

King Richard III, A. 2, Sc. 5.

CONCEALED LOVE.

—— She never told her love;
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night*, A. 2, Sc. 3.

CONCEITED MAN.

—— Our court, you know, is haunted
 With a refined traveller of Spain ;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
 One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
 A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
Love's Labour Lost, A. 1, Sc. 1.

CONFIDENCE.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards ; set upon our foes !
 Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helm.
King Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 7.

CONFUSION OF MIND.

—— You have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
 And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,

As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Exprest and not exprest.

• *The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

————— Alas, Sir,
 In what have I offended you! what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me! Heaven witness
 I've been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable,
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike;
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy! What friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking! nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience
 Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
 With many children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,

Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice.

Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 6.

CONJURER.

They brought one Pinch. A hungry lean fac'd-villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out I was possest.

The Comedy of Errors, A. 5.

CONSCIENCE.

——— O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it:
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass,
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded.

The Tempest, A. 3, Sc. 3.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Henry VI, Part II, A. 3, Sc. 3.

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
 Have mercy, Jesu! Soft; I did but dream.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
 The light burns blue—Is it not dead midnight?
 Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself—there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No.—Yes I am;
 Then fly—what! from myself?—Great reason—
 Lest I revenge—What myself on myself? [Why?
 I love myself—Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O! no.—Alas! I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain.—Yet I lie; I am not:
 Fool, of thyself speak well.—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain!
 Perjury—perjury, in the highest degree—
 Murder—stern murder, in the direst degree—
 All several sins—all used in each degree—
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul shall pity me.—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.

King Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 3.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 7:

CONSCIENCE STRUGGLING.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 2

CONSENT OF A FATHER.

——Methinks a father
 Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
 That best becomes the table: pray you, once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
 With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-rid? And, again, does nothing,
 But what he did being childish.

The Winter's Tale, A. 2, Sc. 4.

CONSIDERATION.

Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 T' invelop and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V, A. 1, Sc. 1.

CONSTANCY,

I would have thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 4.

——O, good Iago!

What shall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.—Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say—Whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Othello, A. 4, Sc. 2.

CONTEMPLATION.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

King Richard III, A. 3, Sc. 7.

CONTENT.

——Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perch'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

King Henry VIII, A. 2, Sc. 3.

CONTENTION.

———Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 1, Sc. 1.

COUNSEL.

—————Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness with a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5, Sc. 1.

COUNTRY LASS.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4, Sc. 3.

COURAGE.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, A. 2, Sc. 2.

COURTIER.

————— In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, nor contempt or bitterness
Were in him; pride or sharpness if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1, Sc. 1.

COURTSHIP.

————— Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity;

For Orpheus' lyre was strung with poets' sinews,
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert; to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3, Sc. 2.

COWARD.

—— I know him a notorious liar;
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind. Full oft we see
 Cold Wisdom waiting on superfluous Folly.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 1, Sc. 1.

COWARDICE.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

King Richard II, A. 1, Sc. 2.

COXCOMB.

He did compliment with his dug before he suck'd
 it. Thus he (and many more of the same breed
 that I know the drossy age doats on) only get the
 tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter;

a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. *Hamlet*, A. 5, Sc. 2.

CROSSES IN LOVE.

The course of true love never did run smooth;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath pow'r to say, Behold,
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 1, Sc. 1.

CRUELTY.

——And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 2.

DANGER.

——Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible. *Ibid.* A 2, Sc. 4.

Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honour cross it from the North to South;
And let them grapple.—O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 1, Sc. 3.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 4.

DAY-BREAK.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5, Sc. 3.

——The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 4.

DEATH.

——It were for me

To throw my sceptre at th' injurious Gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us! How do you, women!
What, what! Good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out—Good Sirs, take heart,
 We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come away;
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 13.

My desolation does begin to make
 A better life; 'tis paltry to be Cæsar:
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will: and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's. *Ibid. A. 5, Sc. 2.*

——I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
 That draw his knives i' th' war.

Cymbeline, A. 5, Sc. 2.

Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth his fangs:
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.

King John, A. 2, Sc. 1.

Death! death! oh amiable, lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness;

Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself;
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
 And kiss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O come to me! *King John*, A. 3, Sc. 4.

——— Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
 As'twere a careless trifle. *Macbeth*, A. 1, Sc. 4.

Oh, vanity of sickness! Fierce extremes
 In their continuance will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them: invisible his siege is now
 Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies,
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. *King John*, A. 5, Sc. 7.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Julius Cæsar, A. 2, Sc. 2.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Julius Cæsar, A. 3, Sc. 1.

DECEIT.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizer hide deep vice!

King Richard III, A. 2, Sc. 2.

DECEPTION.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the shew of evil! In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament!
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty: in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 1.

— There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust. *Macbeth, A. 1, Sc. 4.*

DEER WOUNDED.

To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and indeed, my Lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

As You Like It, A. 2, Sc. 1.

DEFORMITY.

Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb;

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be lov'd?
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Henry VI, Part III, A. 3, Sc. 2.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass—
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature;
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

King Richard III, A. 1, Sc. 1.

DELAY.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
 Steals ere we can effect them.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 5, Sc. 2.

Come—I have learn'd that fearful Commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull Delay;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd Beggary.

Richard III, A. 4, Sc. 5.

DEPARTING DISEASES.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
 E'en in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,
 In their departure most of all shew evil.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 3.

DESPAIR.

Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting.
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
 In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
 To look that way thou wert.

The Winter's Tale, A. 3, Sc. 2.

——If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair;
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
 To hang thee on : or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.

King John, A. 4, Sc. 3.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die.
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

King Richard III, A. 5, Sc. 3.

DESPERATION.

————— I will to-morrow
 (And betimes I will) unto the weird Sisters :
 More shall they speak ; for now I'm bent to know,
 By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good
 All causes shall give way. I am in blood
 Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Macbeth, A. 3, Sc. 4.

What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord ;
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason,

And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath. *Hamlet, A. 1, Sc. 7.*

DESPONDENCE.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
 My father's loss, the weakness that I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me;
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

The Tempest, A. 1, Sc. 2.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
 A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,
 That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

King John, A. 3, Sc. 3.

I have liv'd long enough; my May of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old-age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Macbeth, A. 5, Sc. 3.

Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands—all come to this!—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar : and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 10.

DETESTATION OF THE VULGAR.

You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
 As reek'd o' th' rotten fens ; whose loves I prize,
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
 That do corrupt my air ; I banish you,
 And here remain with your uncertainty ;
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts ;
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair. Have the pow'r still
 To banish your defenders, till at length
 Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
 Making but reservation of yourselves,
 Still your own enemies, deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows!

Coriolanus, A. 3, Sc. 6.

DIGNITY.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,

And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood;
But, being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; 'scarded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets;
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd, men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but, as the cuckow is in June,

Heard, not regarded ; seen but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
 But rather drows'd and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect,
 As cloudy-men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Henry IV, Part I, A. 3, Sc. 4.

DISCONTENT.

I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
 Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

Richard III, A. 4, Sc. 2.

DISEASES OF THE MIND.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart !

Macbeth, A. 5, Sc. 3.

DISGUISE.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

Twelfth Night, A. 2, Sc. 1.

DISLIKE.

—————At first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 5, Sc. 2:

DISSIMULATION.

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
Or, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 4, Sc. 1:

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions;

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And like a Sinon take another Troy:
 I can add colours even to the camelion;
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages;
 And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown!

King Henry VI, Part III, A. 3, Sc. 2.

DISTRACTION.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints
 Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; e'en so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice
 crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die:
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingering act:
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

Henry IV, Part II, A. 1, Sc. 3.

DOOM'S-DAY.

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind ! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *The Tempest, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

DOUBT.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause an universal shout ;
Giddy in spirit, gazing still in doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no :
So (thrice fair lady !) stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 3, Sc. 2.

——The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure : but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3, Sc. 3.

DOVER-CLIFF.

How fearful——

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
 That on th' unnumber'd pebbles idly chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong! *King Lear*, A. 4, Sc. 6.

DREAMS.

O then I see Queen Mab has been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes,
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curt'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And cakes the elf-lock in foul fluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage;
This is she.

—— Thus I talk of dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
 Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
 And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1, Sc. 4.

DRUNKARDS.

—— They were red-hot with drinking ;
 So full of valour, that they smote the air ;
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt music. *The Tempest, A. 4, Sc. 1.*

DRUNKENNESS.

—— Drunk ! and speak, parrot ! and squabble !
 swagger ! swear ! and discourse fustian with one's
 own shadow ! O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if
 thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee
 Devil !

—— O that men should put an enemy in their
 mouths, to steal away their brains ! That we should
 with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform
 ourselves into beasts ! *Othello, A. 2, Sc. 3.*

DUELLING.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling

Upon the head of Valour; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and calm into the world
 When sects and factions were but newly born:
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
 His outsides; to wear them like his raiment carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Timon of Athens, A. 3, Sc. 5.

DUTY.

Pray now, no more. My mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me.
 I've done as you have done; that's what I can:
 Induc'd as you have been; that's for my country.
 He that has but effected his good-will
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Coriolanus, A. 1, Sc. 11.

DYING.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear, my Lord,
 "Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And, so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

King Henry V, A. 4, Sc. 12.

DYING INJUNCTIONS.

—— They say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun—and music in the close.
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

King Richard II, A. 2, Sc. 1.

EARLY RISING.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins by times.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 3.

EMBARRASSMENT.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with pre neditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears.

LETTER XVII.

TO PALEMON.

I WRITE this while Cleora is angling by my side under the shade of a spreading elm that hangs over the banks of our river. A nightingale, more harmonious even than Strada's, is serenading us from a hawthorn bush, which smiles with all the gaiety of youth and beauty; while

gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. MILTON.

Whilst I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal delight, I look back upon those scenes of turbulence, wherein I was once engaged, with more than ordinary distaste; and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a thought as to be rich and great. One of our monarchs used to say, "that he looked upon those to be the happiest men in the nation, whose fortune had placed them in the country, above a high-constable, and below the trouble of a justice of peace." It is in a mediocrity of this happy kind that I here pass my life, with a fortune far above the necessity of engaging in the drudgery of business, and with desires much too humble to have any relish for the splendid baits of ambition.

You must not, however, imagine that I affect the stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my

passions : the sum of my philosophy amounts to no more than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold intruders upon my repose. I endeavour to practise the maxim of a French poet by considering every thing that is not within my possession as not worth having :

—*Pour m'assurer le seul bien*
Que l'on doit estimer au monde,
Tout ce que je n'ai pas, je le compte pour rien.

Is it not possible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unaspiring sentiments, and to lower your flight to the humble level of genuine happiness ? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a day or two from the *certamina divitiarum* (as Horace, I think, calls them), from those splendid contests in which you are engaged, just to take a view of the sort of life we lead in the country. If there is any thing wanting to complete the happiness I here find, it is that you are so seldom a witness to it. Adieu. I am, &c.

~~~~~ LETTER XVIII.

TO PHILOTES.

I FEAR I shall lose all my credit with you as a gardener by this specimen which I venture to send you of the produce of my walls. The snails, indeed, have had more than their share of my peaches and nectarines this season : but will you not smile

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when I tell you, that I deem it a sort of cruelty to suffer them to be destroyed! I should scarce dare to acknowledge this weakness (as the generality of the world, no doubt, would call it) had I not experienced, by many agreeable instances, that I may safely lay open to you every sentiment of my heart. To confess the truth, then, I have some scruples with respect to the liberty we assume in the *unlimited* destruction of these lower orders of existence. I know not upon what principles of reason and justice it is, that mankind have founded their right over the lives of every creature that is placed in a subordinate rank of being to themselves. Whatever claim they may have in right of food and self-defence, did they extend their privilege no farther than those articles would reasonably carry them, numberless beings might enjoy their lives in peace, who are now hurried out of them by the most wanton and unnecessary cruelties. I cannot, indeed, discover why it should be thought less inhuman to crush to death a harmless insect, whose single offence is that he eats that food which nature has prepared for its sustenance, than it would be were I to kill any more bulky creature for the same reason. There are few tempers so hardened to the impression of humanity as not to shudder at the thought of the latter; and yet the former is universally practised without the least check of compassion. This seems to arise from the gross error of supposing that every creature is really in itself contemptible, which happens to be cloathed with a body infinitely disproportionate to our own, not

considering that *great* and *little* are merely relative terms. But the inimitable Shakespeare would teach us, that

—the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral suffrance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

And this is not thrown out in the latitude of poetical imagination, but supported by the discoveries of the most improved philosophy; for there is every reason to believe that the sensations of many insects are as exquisite as those of creatures of far more enlarged dimensions; perhaps even more so. The millepedes, for instance, rolls itself round upon the slightest touch; and the snail gathers in her horns upon the least approach of your hand. Are not these the strongest indications of *their* sensibility? and is it any evidence of *ours* that we are not therefore induced to treat them with a more sympathizing tenderness?

I was extremely pleased with a sentiment I met with the other day in honest Montaigne. That good-natured author remarks that there is a certain general claim of kindness and benevolence which every species of creatures has a right to from us. It is to be regretted that this generous maxim is not more attended to in the affair of education, and pressed home upon tender minds in its full extent and latitude. I am far, indeed, from thinking that the early delight which children discover in tormenting flies, &c. is a mark of any *innate* cruelty of temper; because this turn may be accounted

for upon other principles, and it is entertaining unworthy notions of the Deity to suppose he forms mankind with a propensity to the most detestable of all dispositions. But most certainly, by being unrestrained in sports of this kind, they may acquire by habit what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of suffering but their own. Accordingly, the supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below its cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a poor bird that had unhappily fallen into his hands.

It might be of service, therefore, it should seem, in order to awaken, as early as possible, in children, an extensive sense of humanity, to give them a view of several sorts of insects as they may be magnified by the assistance of glasses, and to show them that the same evident marks of wisdom and goodness prevail in the formation of the minutest insect as in that of the most enormous Leviathan; that they are equally furnished with whatever is necessary not only to the preservation but the happiness of their beings in that class of existence to which Providence has assigned them; in a word, that the whole construction of their respective organs distinctly proclaims them the objects of the divine benevolence, and therefore that they justly ought to be so of ours. I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO CLEORA.

AFTER having read your last letter, I can no longer doubt of the truth of those salutary effects which are said to have been produced by the application of certain written words. I have myself experienced the possibility of the thing, and a few strokes of your pen have abated a pain, which of all others is the most uneasy, and the most difficult to be relieved—even the pain, my Cleora, of the mind. To sympathize with my sufferings, as Cleora kindly assures me she does, is to assuage them; and half the uneasiness of her absence is removed when she tells me that she regrets mine.

Since I thus assuredly find that you can work miracles, I will believe likewise that you have the gift of prophecy; and I can no longer despair that the time will come when we shall again meet, since you have absolutely pronounced that it will. I have ventured, therefore (as you will see by my last letter), already to name the day. In the mean time I amuse myself with doing every thing that looks like a preparation for my journey; *e già apro le braccia per istringervi affettuosamente al mio seno.*

The truth is, you are every instant in my thoughts, and each occurrence that arises suggests you to my remembrance. If I see a clear sky, I wish it may extend to you; and if I observe a cloudy one, I am uneasy lest my Cleora should be exposed to it. I never read an interesting story, or a pertinent

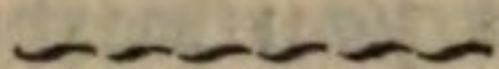
remark, that I do not long to communicate it to you, and learn to double my relish by hearing your judicious observations. I cannot take a turn in my garden but every walk calls you into my mind. Ah Cleora! I never view those scenes of our former conversations without a sigh. Judge then how often I sigh when every object that surrounds me brings you fresh to my imagination. You remember the attitude in which the faithful Penelope is drawn, in Pope's *Odyssey*, when she goes to fetch the bow of Ulysses for the suitors:

Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.

I find myself in numberless such tender reveries; and if I were ever so much disposed to banish you from my thoughts, it would be impossible I should do so in a place where every thing that presents itself to me reminds me that you were once here. I must not expect (I ought not, indeed, for the sake of your repose) to wish to be thus frequently, and thus fondly, the subject of your meditations; but may I not hope that you employ a few moments at least of every day in thinking of him whose whole attention is fixed upon you?

I have sent you the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, in English, which, as it is translated by so good a hand, will be equally pleasing and less troublesome than reading it in the original. I long to be of this party in your expedition to the New World, as I lately was in your conquests of Italy. How happily could I sit by Cleora's side, and

pursue the Spaniards in their triumphs as I formerly did the Romans! or make a transition from a nation of heroes to a republic of ants! Glorious days indeed, when we passed whole mornings either with dictators or butterflies; and sometimes sent out a colony of Romans, and sometimes of emmets! Adieu. I am, &c.



LETTER XX.

TO ORONTES.

I WAS apprehensive my last had given you but too much occasion of recollecting the remark of one of your admired ancients, that “the art of eloquence is taught by man, but it is the Gods alone that inspire the wisdom of silence.” That wisdom, however, you are not willing I should yet practise; and you must needs, it seems, have my farther sentiments upon the subjects of oratory. Be it then as my friend requires; but let him remember it is a hazardous thing to put some men upon talking on a favourite topic.

One of the most pleasing exercises of the imagination is that wherein she is employed in comparing distinct ideas, and discovering their various resemblances. There is no single perception of the mind that is not capable of an infinite number of considerations in reference to other objects; and it is in the novelty and variety of these unexpected connexions that the richness of a writer’s genius is chiefly displayed. A vigorous and lively fancy

does not tamely confine itself to the idea which lies before it, but looks beyond the immediate object of its contemplation, and observes how it stands in conformity with numberless others. It is the prerogative of the human mind thus to bring its images together, and compare the several circumstances of similitude that attend them. By this means eloquence exercises a kind of magic power; she can raise innumerable beauties from the most barren subjects, and give the grace of novelty to the most common. The imagination is thus kept awake by the most agreeable motion, and entertained with a thousand different views both of art and nature, which still terminate upon the principal object. For this reason I prefer the metaphor to the simile as a far more pleasing method of illustration. In the former, the action of the mind is less languid, as it is employed at one and the same instant, in comparing the resemblance with the idea it attends: whereas, in the latter, its operations are more slow, being obliged to stand still, as it were, in order to contemplate first the principal object, and then its corresponding image.

Of all the flowers, however, that embellish the regions of eloquence, there is none of a more tender and delicate nature; as there is nothing wherein a fine writer is more distinguished from one of an ordinary class than in the conduct and application of this figure. He is at liberty, indeed, to range through the whole compass of creation, and collect his images from every object that surrounds him: but, though he may be thus amply furnished with

materials, great judgment is required in choosing them : for, to render a metaphor perfect, it must not only be apt but pleasing ; it must entertain as well as enlighten. Mr. Dryden, therefore, can hardly escape the imputation of a very unpardonable breach of delicacy, when, in the dedication of his Juvenal, he observes to the Earl of Dorset, that “ some bad poems carry their owner’s “ marks about them — some brand or other on *this* “ buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are “ the owners of the *cattle*.” The poet Manilius seems to have raised an image of the same injudicious kind in that compliment which he pays to Homer in the following verses :

—*cujusque ex ore profusus*
Omnis posteritas latices in carmine duxit.

I could never read these lines without calling to mind those grotesque heads which are fixed to the roof of the old building of King’s college in Cambridge, which the ingenious architect has represented in the act of vomiting out the rain that falls through certain pipes most judiciously stuck in their mouths for that purpose. Mr. Addison recommends a method of trying the propriety of a metaphor by drawing it out in visible representation — Accordingly, I think this curious conceit of the builder might be employed to the advantage of the youth in that university, and serve for as proper an illustration of the absurdity of the poet’s image as that ancient picture, which Ælian mentions, where Homer was figured with a stream

running from his mouth, and a group of poets lapping it up at a distance.

But, besides a certain decorum which is requisite to constitute a perfect metaphor, a writer of true taste and genius will always single out the most obvious images, and place them in the most unobserved points of resemblance. Accordingly, all allusions which point to the more abstruse branches of the arts or sciences, and with which none can be supposed to be acquainted but those who have gone far into the deeper studies, should be carefully avoided, not only as pedantic, but impertinent, as they pervert the single use of this figure, and add neither grace nor force to the idea they would elucidate — The most pleasing metaphors, therefore, are those which are derived from the more frequent occurrences of art or nature, or the civil transactions and customs of mankind. Thus, how expressive, yet at the same time how familiar, is that image which Otway has put into the mouth of Metellus, in his play of Caius Marius, where he calls Sulpicius

That mad wild bull whom Marius lets loose,
On each occasion when he'd make Rome feel him,
To toss our laws and liberties i' th' air!

But I never met with a more agreeable, or a more significant allusion, than one in Quintus Curtius, which is borrowed from the most ordinary object in common life. That author represents Craterus as dissuading Alexander from continuing his Indian expedition against enemies, too contemptible, he

tells him, for the glory of his arms; and concludes his speech with the following beautiful thought: *Citò gloria obsolescit in sordidis hostibus; nec quidquam indignius est quam consumi eam ubi non potest ostendi.* Now I am got into Latin quotations, I cannot forbear mentioning a most beautiful passage, which I lately had the pleasure of reading, and which I will venture to produce as equal to any thing of the same kind, either in ancient or modern composition. I met with it in the speech of a young orator, to whom I have the happiness to be related, and who will, one day, I persuade myself, prove as great an honour to his country as he is at present to that learned society of which he is a member. He is speaking of the writings of a celebrated prelate, who received his education in that famous seminary to which he belongs, and illustrates the peculiar elegance which distinguishes all that author's performances by the following just and pleasing assemblage of diction and imagery: *In quodcumque opus se parabat (et per omnia sanè versatile illius se duxit ingenium), nescio quâ luce sibi soli propriâ id illuminavit, haud dissimili ei aureo Titiani radio qui, per totam tabulam gliscens, eam verè suam denuntiat.* As there is nothing more entertaining to the imagination than the productions of the fine arts, there is no kind of similitudes or metaphors which are in general more striking than those which allude to their properties and effects. It is with great judgment, therefore, that the ingenious author of the dialogue concerning the decline of eloquence among the

Romans recommends to his orator a general acquaintance with the whole circle of the polite arts. A knowledge of this sort furnishes an author with illustrations of the most agreeable kind, and sets a gloss upon his compositions which enlivens them with singular grace and spirit.

Were I to point out the beauty and efficacy of metaphorical language, by particular instances, I should rather draw my examples from the moderns than the ancients; the latter being scarcely, I think, so exact and delicate in this article of composition as the former. The great improvements, indeed, in natural knowledge, which have been made in these later ages, have opened a vein of metaphor entirely unknown to the ancients, and enriched the fancy of modern wits with a new stock of the most pleasing ideas: a circumstance which must give them a very considerable advantage over the Greeks and Romans. I am sure, at least, of all the writings with which I have been conversant, the works of Mr. Addison will afford the most abundant supply of this kind in all its variety and perfection. Truth and beauty of imagery is, indeed, his characteristical distinction, and the principal point of eminence which raises his style above that of every author in any language that has fallen within my notice. He is everywhere highly figurative; yet, at the same time, he is the most easy and perspicuous writer I have ever perused. The reason is, his images are always taken from the most natural and familiar appearances; as they are chosen with the utmost delicacy and

judgment. Suffer me only to mention one, out of a thousand I could name, as it appears to me the finest and most expressive that ever language conveyed. It is in one of his inimitable papers upon *Paradise Lost*, where he is taking notice of those changes in nature which the author of that truly divine poem describes as immediately succeeding the Fall. Among other prodigies, Milton represents the sun in an eclipse, and at the same time a bright cloud in the western region of the heavens descending with a band of angels. Mr. Addison, in order to show his author's art and judgment in the conduct and disposition of this sublime scenery, observes: "the whole *theatre* of nature is *darkened*" "that this glorious *machine* may appear in all its" "lustre and magnificence." I know not, Orontes, whether you will agree in sentiment with me; but I must confess I am at a loss which to admire most upon this occasion, the poet or the critic.

There is a double beauty in images of this kind when they are not only metaphors, but illusions. I was much pleased with an instance of this uncommon species in a little poem entitled *The Spleen*. The author of that piece (who has thrown together more original thoughts than I ever read in the same compass of lines), speaking of the advantages of exercise in dissipating those gloomy vapours, which are so apt to hang upon some minds, employs the following image:

Throw but a stone, the giant dies.

You will observe, Orontes, that the metaphor here

is conceived with great propriety of thought if we consider it only in its primary view ; but when we see it pointing still farther, and hinting at the story of David and Goliath, it receives a very considerable improvement from this double application.

It must be owned some of the greatest authors, both ancient and modern, have made many remarkable slips in the management of this figure, and have sometimes expressed themselves with as much impropriety as an honest sailor of my acquaintance, a captain of a privateer, who wrote an account to his owners of an engagement, “ in which he had the good fortune,” he told them, “ of having only one of his *hands* shot through the “ nose.” The great caution, therefore, should be, never to join any idea to a figurative expression, which would not be applicable to it in a literal sense. Thus Cicero, in his treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*, speaking of the family of the Scipios, is guilty of an impropriety of this kind : *O generosam stirpem* (says he) *et tanquam in unam arborem plura genera, sic in istam domum multorum insitam atque illuminatam sapientiam !* Mr. Addison, likewise, has fallen into an error of the same sort, where he observes : “ there is not a single view of human “ nature, which is not sufficient to *extinguish* the “ seeds of pride.” In this passage he evidently unites images together which have no connexion with each other. When a seed has lost its power of vegetation, I might, in a metaphorical sense, say it is *extinguished* ; but when, in the same sense, I call

that disposition of the heart which produces pride the *seed* of that passion, I cannot, without introducing a confusion of ideas, apply any word to *seed* but what corresponds with its real properties or circumstances.

Another mistake, in the use of this figure, is when different images are crowded too close upon each other, or (to express myself after Quintilian) when a sentence sets out with storms and tempests, and ends with fire and flames. A judicious reader will observe an impropriety of this kind in one of the late essays of the inimitable author last quoted, where he tells us, “that women were formed to
“temper mankind, not to set an *edge* upon their
“minds, and blow up in them those passions which
“are too apt to rise of their own accord.” Thus a celebrated orator, speaking of that little blackening spirit in mankind which is fond of discovering spots in the brightest characters, remarks that, when persons of this cast of temper have mentioned any virtue of their neighbour, “it is well if, to balance
“the matter, they do not clap some fault into the
“opposite scale, that so *the enemy may not go off*
“*with flying colours.*” Dr. Swift also, whose style is the most pure and simple of any of our classic writers, and who does not seem in general very fond of the figurative manner, is not always free from censure in his management of the metaphorical language. In his *Essay on the Dissensions of Athens and Rome*, speaking of the populace, he takes notice, that “though, in their corrupt notions
“of divine worship, they are apt to multiply their

“ gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid
 “ to above one *idol* at a time, whose *oar* they pull
 “ with less murmuring, and much more skill, than
 “ when they share the *lading*, or even hold the
 “ *helm*.” The most injudicious writer could not possibly have fallen into a more absurd inconsistency of metaphor than this eminent wit has inadvertently been betrayed into, in this passage. For what connexion is there between worshipping and *rowing*, and who ever heard before of pulling the *oar* of an *idol*?

As there are certain metaphors which are common to all languages, there are others of so delicate a nature as not to bear transplanting from one nation into another. There is no part, therefore, of the business of a translator more difficult to manage than this figure, as it requires great judgment to distinguish when it may, and may not, be naturalized with propriety and elegance. The want of this necessary discernment has led the common race of translators into great absurdities, and is one of the principal reasons that performances of this kind are generally so insipid. What strange work, for instance, would an injudicious interpreter make with the following metaphor in Homer?

Νῦν γὰρ δὴ πάντεσσι ἐπὶ ζυγῷ ἴστανται ἀκμῆς.

Il. x, 173.

But Mr. Pope, by artfully dropping the particular image, yet retaining the general idea, has happily preserved the spirit of his author, and at the same

time humoured the different taste of his own countrymen—

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the *sharpest edge* of death or life.

And now, Orontes, do you not think it high time to be dismissed from this fairy land? Permit me, however, just to add, that this figure, which casts so much light and beauty upon works of genius, ought to be entirely banished from the severer compositions of philosophy. It is the business of the latter to separate resemblances, not to find them, and to deliver her discoveries in the plainest and most unornamented expressions. Much dispute, and, perhaps, many errors, might have been avoided if metaphor had been thus confined within its proper limits, and never wandered from the regions of eloquence and poetry. I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

TO PHILOTES.

DON'T you begin to think that I'll deserve the prescription you sent me, since I have scarce had the manners even to thank you for it? It must be confessed I have neglected to *honour my physician with the honour due unto him* : that is, I have omitted not only what I ought to have performed by good-breeding, but what I am expressly enjoined by my Bible. I am not, however, entirely without

excuse; a silly one, I own; nevertheless, it is the truth. I have lately been a good deal out of spirits. But at length the fit is over. Amongst the number of those things which are wanting to secure me from a return of it, I must always reckon the company of my friend. I have, indeed, frequent occasion for you; not in the way of your profession, but in a better — in the way of friendship. There is a healing quality in that intercourse, which a certain author has, with infinite propriety, termed *the medicine of life*. It is a medicine which, unluckily, lies almost wholly out of my reach, fortune having separated me from those few friends whom I pretend or desire to claim. General acquaintances, you know, I am not much inclined to cultivate; so that I am at present as much secluded from society as if I were a *sojourner in a strange land*. Though retirement is my dear delight, yet, upon some occasions, I think I have too much of it; and I agree with Balzac, *que la solitude est certainement une belle chose, mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un qui sache répondre, à qui on puisse dire de temps en temps que la solitude est une belle chose*. But I must not forget, that, as I sometimes want company, you may as often wish to be alone; and that I may, perhaps, be at this instant breaking in upon one of those hours which you desire to enjoy without interruption. I will only detain you, therefore, whilst I add that I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

IF that friend of yours, whom you are desirous to add to the number of mine, were endued with no other quality than the last you mentioned in the catalogue of his virtues, I should esteem his acquaintance as one of my most valuable privileges. When you assured me, therefore, of the generosity of his disposition, I wanted no additional motive to embrace your proposal of joining you and him at **. To say truth, I consider a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides, no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments. I am sure, at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self-love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good-nature, as it has many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it: the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden somewhere calls it, of a certain "milkeness of blood:" whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness

of thought: which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the characteristic of mankind in general. A man, whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties, if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding. The same clouds that darken his intellectual views obstruct his moral ones; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because his reason is exceedingly limited.

It is the distinguishing pre-eminence of the Christian system that it cherishes this elevated principle in one of its noblest exertions. Forgiveness of injuries, I confess, indeed, has been inculcated by several of the heathen moralists, but it never entered into the established ordinances of any religion till it had the sanction of the great Author of our's. I have often, however, wondered that the ancients, who raised so many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, should never have given a place in their temples to Generosity; unless, perhaps, they included it under the notion of FIDES or HONOS. But, surely, she might reasonably have claimed a separate altar, and superior rites. A principle of honour may restrain a man from counteracting the socialties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generosity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humbler boundaries of mere negative duties. True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those

which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards, without ever attempting to reach those glorious elevations which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning : learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, Generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul ; and, if it does not necessarily include, at least it reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

But I am running into a general panegyric upon generosity, when I only meant to acknowledge the particular instance you have given me of yours in being desirous of communicating to me a treasure, which I know much better how to value than how to deserve. Be assured, therefore, though Euphronius had none of those polite accomplishments you enumerate, yet, after what you have informed me concerning his heart, I should esteem his friendship of more worth than all the learning of ancient Greece, and all the *virtù* of modern Italy. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

TO HORTENSIUS.

YOUR admired poet, I remember, somewhere lays it down as a maxim, that

The proper study of mankind is man.

There cannot, indeed, be a more useful, nor, one should imagine, a more easy science : so many lessons of this kind are every moment forcing themselves upon our observation, that it should seem scarce possible not to be well acquainted with the various turns and dispositions of the human heart. And yet there are so few who are really adepts in this article, that to say of a man, *he knows the world*, is generally esteemed a compliment of the most significant kind.

The reason, perhaps, of the general ignorance which prevails in this sort of knowledge may arise from our judging too much by universal principles; whereas there is a wonderful disparity in mankind, and numberless characters exist which cannot properly be reduced to any regular and fixed standard. Monsieur Pascal observes, that, the greater sagacity any man possesses, the more originals he will discern among his species: as it is the remark of Sir William Temple, that no nation under the sun abounds with so many as our own. Plutarch, if I remember right, is of opinion, that there is a wider difference between the individuals of our own kind than what is observable between creatures of a separate

order: while Montaigne (who seems to have known human nature perfectly well) supposes the distance to be still more remote, and asserts that the distinction is much greater between man and man, than between man and beast.

The comic writers have not, I think, taken all the advantage they might of this infinite diversity of humour in the human race. A judicious observer of the world might single out abundant materials for ridicule without having recourse to those worn-out characters which are for ever returning upon the stage. If I were acquainted with any genius in this class of writers, I think I could furnish him with an original, which, if artfully represented, and connected with proper incidents, might be very successfully introduced into comedy. The person I have in view is my neighbour Stilotes.

Stilotes, in his youth, was esteemed to have good sense, and a tolerable taste for letters; as he gained some reputation at the university in the exercises usual at that place: but, as soon as he was freed from the restraint of tutors, the natural restlessness of his temper broke out, and he has never, from that time to this, applied himself for half an hour together to any single pursuit. He is extremely active in his disposition; but his whole life is one incessant whirl of trifles. He rises, perhaps, with a full intent of amusing himself all the morning with his gun, but, before he has got half the length of a field, he recollects that he owes a visit which he must instantly pay: accordingly, his horse is saddled, and he sets out. But in his way he

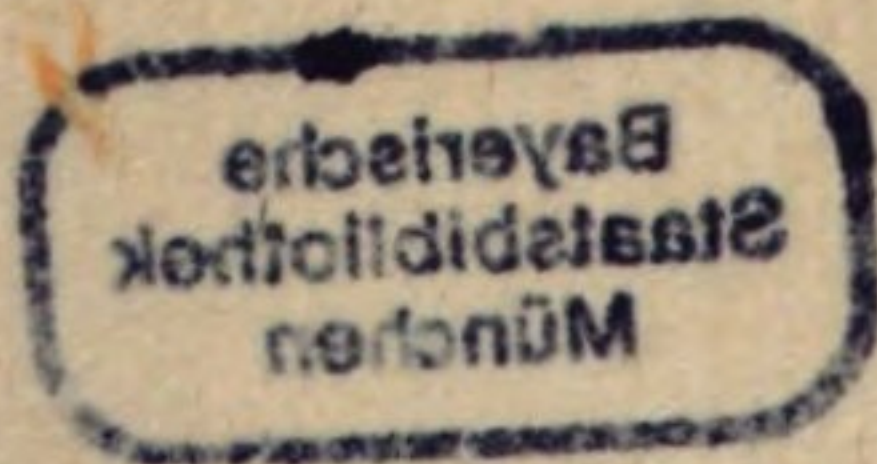
remembers that he has not given proper orders about such a flower, and he must absolutely return, or the whole economy of his nursery will be ruined— Thus, in whatever action you find him engaged, you may be sure it is the very reverse of what he proposed. Yet, with all this quickness of transition and vivacity of spirits, he is so indolent in every thing, which has the air of business, that he is at least two or three months before he can persuade himself to open any letter he receives: and, from the same disposition, he has suffered the dividends of his stocks to run on for many years without receiving a shilling of the interest. Stilotes is possessed of an estate in Dorsetshire; but, that being the place where his chief business lies, he chooses constantly to reside with a friend near London. This person submits to his humour and his company in hopes that Stilotes will consider him in his will: but it is more than possible that he will never endure the fatigue of signing one. However, having here every thing provided for him but clothes and pocket-money, he lives perfectly to his satisfaction in full employment without any real business; and, while those who look after his estate take care to supply him with money sufficient to answer those two articles, he is entirely unconcerned, as to all the rest; though, when he is disposed to appear more than ordinarily important, he will gravely harangue upon the roguery of stewards, and complain that his rents will scarce maintain him in powder and shot half the partridge-season — In short, Stilotes is one of the most

extraordinary compounds of indolence and activity that I ever met with; and, as I know you have a taste for curiosities, I present you with his character as a rarity that merits a place in your collection. Adieu. I am, &c.

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LETTER XXIV.

TO ORONTES.

WHAT! haughty Sacharissa has put you out of humour with her whole sex! For it is some disappointment, I suspect, of the tender kind, that has thus sharpened the edge of your satire, and pointed its invective against the fairer half of our species. You were not mistaken, however, when you supposed I should prove no convert to your doctrine, but rise up as an advocate where I profess myself an admirer. I am not, 'tis true, altogether of old Montaigne's opinion, that the souls of both sexes *sont jetées* (as he expresses it) *en mesmes moules*: on the contrary, I am willing enough to join with you in thinking that they may be wrought off from different models. Yet the *casts* may be equally perfect though it should be allowed that they are essentially different. Nature, it is certain, has traced out a separate course of action for the two sexes; and, as they are appointed to distinct offices of life, it is not improbable that there may be something distinct likewise in the frame of their minds; that there may be a kind of sex in the very soul.





I cannot, therefore, but wonder that Plato should have thought it reasonable to admit them into an equal share of the dignities and offices of his imaginary commonwealth; and that the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians should have so strangely inverted the evident intentions of Providence as to confine the men to domestic affairs, whilst the women, it is said, were engaged abroad in the active and laborious scenes of business. History, it must be owned, will supply some few female instances of all the most masculine virtues, but appearances of that extraordinary kind are too uncommon to support the notion of a general equality in the natural powers of their minds.

Thus much, however, seems evident, that there are certain moral boundaries which Nature has drawn between the two sexes, and that neither of them can pass over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauties and decorum of their respective characters: Boadicea, in armour, is to me, at least, as extravagant a sight as Achilles in petticoats.

In determining, therefore, the comparative merit of the two sexes, it is no derogation from female excellency, that it differs in kind from that which distinguishes the male part of our species. And if, in general, it shall be found (what, upon an impartial inquiry, I believe, will most certainly be found) that women fill up their appointed circle of action with greater regularity and dignity than men, the claim of preference cannot justly be decided in our favour. In the prudential and



œconomical part of life I think it undeniable that they rise far above us. And if true fortitude of mind is best discovered by a cheerful resignation to the measures of Providence, we shall not find reason, perhaps, to claim that most singular of the human virtues as our peculiar privilege. There are numbers of the other sex, who, from the natural delicacy of their constitution, pass through one continued scene of suffering, from their cradles to their graves, with a firmness of resolution that would deserve so many statues to be erected to their memories, if heroism were not estimated more by the splendour than the merit of actions.

But, whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind, Nature does not seem to have marked the distinction so strongly as our vanity is willing to imagine: and, after all, perhaps, education will be found to constitute the principal superiority. It must be acknowledged, at least, that in this article we have every advantage over the softer sex that art and industry can possibly secure to us. The most animating examples of Greece and Rome are set before us, as early as we are capable of any observation; and the noblest compositions of the ancients are given into our hands almost as soon as we have strength to hold them: while the employments of the other sex, at the same period of life, are generally the reverse of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with just and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is so much worse



than none, as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninstructed suggestions than to lead it into false pursuits, and contract its views by turning them upon the lowest and most trifling objects. We seem, indeed, by the manner in which we suffer the youth of that sex to be trained, to consider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no souls : why else are they

Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troul the tongue, and roll the eye.

MILT.

This strange neglect of cultivating the female mind can hardly be allowed as good policy when it is considered how much the interest of society is concerned in the rectitude of their understandings. That season of every man's life which is most susceptible of the strongest impressions is necessarily under female direction, as there are few instances, perhaps, in which that sex is not one of the secret springs which regulates the most important movements of private or public transactions. What Cato observed of his countrymen is, in one respect, true of every nation under the sun : "The Romans," said he, "govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans." Let not, however, a certain pretended Cato of your acquaintance take occasion, from this maxim, to *insult*, a second time, that *innocence* he has so often *injured* : for I will tell him another maxim as true as the former, that



“ there are *circumstances* wherein no woman has  
“ power enough to controul a man of spirit.”

If it be true then ( as true beyond all peradventure it is ) that female influence is thus extensive, nothing certainly can be of more importance than to give it a proper tendency by the assistance of a well directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned ; yet, surely, it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female erudition. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I would have them be considered as designed by Providence for use as well as show, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures. Adieu. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXV.

TO ORONTES.

LET others consider you for those ample possessions you enjoy : suffer me to say, that it is your application of them alone which renders either them or you valuable in my estimation. Your splendid



roof and elegant accommodations I can view without the least emotion of envy ; but when I observe you in the full power of exerting the noble purposes of your exalted generosity — it is then, I confess, I am apt to reflect, with some regret, on the humbler supplies of my own more limited finances. *Nihil habet* (to speak of you in the same language that the first of orators addressed the greatest of emperors) *fortuna tua majus quàm ut possis, nec natura melius quàm ut velis servare quamplurimos.* To be able to soften the calamities of mankind, and inspire gladness into a heart oppressed with want, is, indeed, the noblest privilege of an enlarged fortune : but to exercise that privilege in all its generous refinements is an instance of the most uncommon elegance both of temper and understanding.

In the ordinary dispensations of bounty, little address is required : but, when it is to be applied to those of a superior rank and more elevated mind, there is as much charity discovered in the *manner* as in the *measure* of one's benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed spirit to see itself considered as an object of compassion ; as it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honest pride in our nature, and to relieve the necessities without offending the delicacy of the distressed.

I have seen charity (if charity it might be called) insult with an air of pity, and wound at the same time that it healed. But I have seen, too, the highest munificence dispensed with the



most refined tenderness, and a bounty conferred with as much address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, Orontes, upon this single occasion, to gratify my own inclinations in violence to yours by pointing out the particular instance I have in my view; and allow me, at the same time, to join my acknowledgments with those of the unfortunate person I recommended to your protection for the generous assistance you lately afforded him. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXVI.

TO PALAMEDES.

IF one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am sure, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found their judicious author rise in my esteem by reflecting that there is not a more singular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which lightly skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be styled by that denomination. It is observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connexions, that



constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purposes of animal life. But even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise, their understandings, we shall find thinking is one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed: I mean pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progressions of well-examined deductions is considered as a reproach to the quickness of understanding, as it is much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason, the greater part of our species generally choose either to seize upon their conclusions at once, or to take them by rebound from others as best suiting with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly, Mr. Locke observes that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing



truth, but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even inquiring into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which truth has advanced in the world, on one side, and for those absurd systems which, at different periods, have had an universal currency, on the other. For there is a strange disposition in human nature, either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of a heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissonance and contention. For, while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of those writers who can, with any justness of expression, be termed



thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort all critics, commentators, modern Latin poets, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject, for the same reason, such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius : though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses, likewise, who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reason, I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the ancients are said to have produced :

*Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius anni  
Ingenium, capsis quem fama est esse librisque  
Ambustum propriis. HORAT.*

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation ; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words <sup>r</sup>, that

<sup>r</sup> This passage is to be found in Aulus Gellius, who quotes it from a treatise which Varro had written concerning the wonderful effects of the number *seven*. But



he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us, that Didymus, the Grammarian, wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, prove an instance that it is so if I suspend any longer your own more important reflections by interrupting you with such as mine? Adieu. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXVII.

TO PHIDIPUS.

I AM by no means surprised that the interview you have lately had with Cleanthes has given you a much lower opinion of his abilities than what you the subject of this piece cannot be more ridiculous than the style in which it appears to have been composed: for that most learned author of his times (as Cicero, if I mistake not, somewhere calls him) informed his readers in that performance, *se jam duodecimam annorum hebdomadam ingressum esse, et ad eum diem septuaginta hebdomadas librorum conscripsisse.* Aul. Gell. III, 10.



had before conceived ; and since it has raised your curiosity to know my sentiments of his character, you shall have them with all that freedom you may justly expect.

I have always, then, considered Cleanthes as possessed of the most extraordinary talents ; but his talents are of a kind which can only be exerted upon uncommon occasions. They are formed for the greatest depths of business and affairs ; but absolutely out of all size for the shallows of ordinary life. In circumstances that require the most profound reasonings, in incidents that demand the most penetrating politics, there Cleanthes would shine with supreme lustre. But view him in any situation inferior to these ; place him where he cannot raise admiration, and he will, most probably, sink into contempt. Cleanthes, in short, wants nothing but the addition of certain minute accomplishments to render him a finished character : but, being wholly destitute of those little talents which are necessary to render a man useful or agreeable in the daily commerce of the world, those great abilities which he possesses lie unobserved or neglected.

He often, indeed, gives one occasion to reflect how necessary it is to be master of a sort of under-qualities in order to set off and recommend those of a superior nature. To know how to descend with grace and ease into ordinary occasions, and to fall in with the less important parties and purposes of mankind, is an art of more general influence, perhaps, than is usually imagined.



If I were to form, therefore, a youth for the world, I should certainly endeavour to cultivate in him these secondary qualifications, and train him up to an address in these lower arts, which render a man agreeable in conversation, or useful to the innocent pleasures and accommodations of life. A general skill and taste of this kind, with moderate abilities, will, in most instances, I believe, prove more successful in the world than a much higher degree of capacity without them. I am, &c.

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LETTER XXVIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

I HAVE read the performance you communicated to me with all the attention you required ; and I can, with strict sincerity, apply to your friend's verses what an ancient has observed of the same number of Spartans who defended the passage of Thermopylæ: *Nunquam vidi plures trecentos!* Never, indeed, was there greater energy of language and sentiment united together in the same compass of lines : and it would be an injustice to the world, as well as to himself, to suppress so animated and so useful a composition.

A satirist, of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue. He may be considered as a sort of supplement to the legislative



authority of his country; as assisting the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for the regulating of manners, and striking terror even where the divine prohibitions themselves are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well-directed ridicule : they, who fear nothing else, dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no succeeding in the secret purposes of dishonesty without preserving some sort of credit among mankind ; as there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honest satirist is, not only beneficial to the world, as giving alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse, but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame ; and, when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has asserted) that his chastisements rather exasperate than reclaim those on whom they fall.



Perhaps, no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself; and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every arm, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable blow. The arrows of satire, when they are not pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil back upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being *Integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral stains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the same time a more contemptible character than that of a vicious satirist :

*Quis cælum terris non misceat, et mare cælo,  
Si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni!* JUV.

The most favourable light in which a censor of this species could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from a satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause. Adieu.

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## LETTER XXIX.

TO PALAMEDES.

CEREMONY is never more unwelcome than at that season in which you will, probably, have the greatest share of it; and as I should be extremely unwilling to add to the number of those who, in pure good manners, may interrupt your enjoyments, I choose to give you my congratulations a little prematurely. After the happy office shall be completed, your moments will be too valuable to be laid out in forms; and it would be paying a compliment with a very ill grace to draw off your eyes from the highest beauty, though it were to turn them on the most exquisite wit. I hope, however, you will give me timely notice of your wedding day, that I may be prepared with my epithalamium. I have already laid in half a dozen deities extremely proper for the occasion, and have even made some progress in my first simile. But I am somewhat at a loss how to proceed, not being able to determine whether your future bride is most like Venus or Hebe. That she resembles both is universally agreed, I find, by those who have seen her. But it would be offending, you know, against all the rules of poetical justice, if I should only say she is as handsome as she is young, when, after all, perhaps, the truth may be that she has even more beauty than youth. In the mean while, I am turning over all the tender compliments, that love has inspired, from the Lesbia of Catullus to the Chloe



of Prior, and hope to gather such a collection of flowers as may not be unworthy of entering into a garland composed for your Stella. But, before you introduce me as a poet, let me be recommended to her by a much better title, and assure her that I am your, &c.

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LETTER XXX.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

IF the temper and turn of Timanthes had not long prepared me for what has happened, I should have received your account of his death with more surprise; but I suspected, from our earliest acquaintance, that his sentiments and disposition would lead him into a satiety of life much sooner than nature would, probably, carry him to the end of it. When unsettled principles fall in with a constitutional gloominess of mind, it is no wonder the *tædium vitæ* should gain daily strength, till it pushes a man to seek relief against this most desperate of all distempers, from the point of a sword, or the bottom of a river.

But to learn to accommodate our taste to that portion of happiness which Providence has set before us, is, of all the lessons of philosophy, surely the most necessary. High and exquisite gratifications are not consistent with the appointed measures of humanity: and, perhaps, if we would fully enjoy the relish of our being, we should rather consider the miseries we escape than too nicely



examine the intrinsic worth of the happiness we possess. It is, at least, the business of true wisdom to bring together every circumstance which may light up a flame of cheerfulness in the mind ; and, though we must be insensible if it should perpetually burn with the same unvaried brightness, yet prudence should preserve it as a sacred fire which is never to be totally extinguished.

I am persuaded this disgust of life is frequently indulged out of a principle of mere vanity. It is esteemed as a mark of uncommon refinement, and as placing a man above the ordinary level of his species, to seem superior to the vulgar feeling of happiness. True good sense, however, most certainly consists not in despising, but in managing our stock of life to the best advantage ; as a cheerful acquiescence in the measures of Providence is one of the strongest symptoms of a well-constituted mind. Self-weariness is a circumstance that ever attends folly ; and to condemn our being is the greatest, and, indeed, the peculiar, infirmity of human nature. It is a noble sentiment which Tully puts into the mouth of Cato, in his treatise upon old age : *Non lubet mihi ( says that venerable Roman ) deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpè fecerunt ; neque me vixisse pænitet, quoniam ita vixi ut non frustra me natum existinem.*

It is in the power, indeed, of but a very small portion of mankind to act the same glorious part that afforded such high satisfaction to this distinguished patriot : but the number is yet far more inconsiderable of those who cannot, in any station,



secure to themselves a sufficient fund of complacency to render life justly valuable. Who is it that is placed out of the reach of the highest of all gratifications, those of the generous affections; and that cannot provide for his own happiness by contributing something to the welfare of others? As this disease of the mind generally breaks out with most violence in those who are supposed to be endowed with a greater delicacy of taste and reason than is the usual allotment of their fellow-creatures, one may ask them, whether there is any satiety in the pursuits of useful knowledge? or, if one can ever be weary of benefiting mankind? Will not the fine arts supply a lasting feast to the mind? or, can there be wanting a pleasurable employment so long as there remains even one advantageous truth to be discovered or confirmed? To complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands. But the misfortune is, when a man is settled into a habit of receiving all his pleasures from the mere selfish indulgencies, he wears out of his mind the relish of every nobler enjoyment, at the same time that his powers of the sensual kind are growing more languid by each repetition. It is no wonder, therefore, he should fill up the measure of his gratifications long before he has completed the circle of his duration; and either wretchedly sit down the remainder of his days in



discontent, or rashly throw them up in despair. Farewel. I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXI.

TO CLYTANDER.

IF there was any thing in my former letter inconsistent with that esteem which is justly due to the ancients, I desire to retract it in this, and disavow every expression which might seem to give precedence to the moderns in works of genius. I am so far, indeed, from entertaining the sentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that superiority which is so visible in the compositions of their poets; and have frequently assigned their religion as in the number of those causes which probably concurred to give them this remarkable pre-eminence. That enthusiasm, which is so essential to every true artist in the poetical way, was considerably heightened and inflamed by the whole turn of their sacred doctrines; and the fancied presence of their Muses had almost as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language as if they had been really and divinely inspired. Whilst all nature was supposed to swarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the residence of some presiding deity, what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of such exalted society, and found himself transported beyond the



ordinary limits of sober humanity ! The mind, when attended only by mere mortals of superior powers, is observed to rise in her strength ; and her faculties open and enlarge themselves, when she acts in the view of those for whom she has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of superstition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is inflamed by devotion, poetry must shine out in all her brightest perfection and splendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philosopher might think of the religion of his country, it was the interest of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he must renounce his numbers ; and there could be no inspiration where there were no Muses. This is so true that it is in compositions of the poetical kind alone that the ancients seem to have the principal advantage over the moderns : in every other species of writing, one might venture, perhaps, to assert, that these latter ages have, at least, equaled them. When I say so, I do not confine myself to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend, likewise, those of our neighbours : and, with that extent, the observation will possibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of history and oratory.

But, whatever may with justice be determined concerning that question, it is certain, at least, that the practice of all succeeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of paganism have, many ages since, been thrown down, and groves are no longer



sacred, yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are still adored in modern verse. Is not this a confession that fancy is enlivened by superstition, and that the ancient bards caught their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is something ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an awkward figure with his antiquated gods. When the pagan system was sanctified by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very striking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumstance, or raising any common one. But, now that the superstition is no longer supported by vulgar opinion, it has lost its principal grace and efficacy, and seems to be, in general, the most cold and uninteresting method in which a poet can work up his sentiments. What, for instance, can be more unaffecting and spiritless, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis XIV on his famous passage over the Rhine? He represents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river god assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort in order to exhort the garrison to sally out and dispute the intended passage. Accordingly, they range themselves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head, who, after some vain efforts, observing Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy,



is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or justified by custom; but, as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge that it appears to me extremely insipid and puerile.

I have not, however, so much of the spirit of Typhœus in me, as to make war upon the gods without restriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To represent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as persons, and appropriate to them those general emblems, by which their powers and properties are usually typified in pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the most pleasing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addressing himself to the month of May, as to a person, says,

For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,

one may consider him as speaking only in metaphor: and when such shadowy beings are thus just shown to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect; but I can relish them no farther than as figures only. When they are extended in any serious composition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real persons, I cannot but consider them as so many absurdities which custom has unreasonably authorised. Thus Spencer, in one of his pastorals,



represents the God of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the bushes, supposes it to be some game, and, accordingly, discharges his bow. Cupid returns the shot, and, after several arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate swain discovers whom it is he is contending with; but, as he is endeavouring to make his escape, receives a desperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the subject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets, yet is extremely flat and disgusting as it is adopted by our British bard. And the reason of the difference is plain: in the former it is supported by a popular superstition; whereas no strain of imagination can give it the least air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter:

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.* HOR.

I must confess, at the same time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous scheme with such uncommon grace, and has paid so many genteel compliments to his mistress, by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of the machinery, by this pleasing address with which he manages it, and I never read his tender poems of this kind without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: *Major ille est qui judicium abstulit, quàm qui meruit.*

To speak my sentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full possession of allegorical and Burlesque poems: in all others I would never suffer



them to make their appearance in person, and as agents, but to enter only in simile or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them; and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance in what manner the ancient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty. Adieu, I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

I KNOW not in what disposition of mind this letter may find you, but I am sure you will not preserve your usual cheerfulness of temper when I tell you that poor Hydaspes died last night.

I will not at this time attempt to offer that consolation to you of which I stand in so much need myself. But may it not somewhat abate the anxiety of our mutual grief to reflect that, however considerable our own loss is, yet, with respect to himself, it scarce deserves to be lamented that he arrived so much earlier at the grave than his years and his health seemed to promise? For who, my friend, that has any experience of the world, would wish to extend his duration to old age? What, indeed is length of days but to survive all one's enjoyments, and, perhaps, to survive even one's very self? I have somewhere met with an ancient inscription founded upon his sentiment, which infinitely pleased



me. It was fixed upon a bath, and contained an imprecation in the following terms against any one who should attempt to remove the building :

QVISQVIS. HOC. SVSTVLERIT.

AVT. IVSSERIT.

VLTIMVS. SVORVM. MORIATVR!

The thought is conceived with great delicacy and justness, as there cannot, perhaps, be a sharper calamity to a generous mind than to see itself stand single amidst the ruins of whatever rendered the world most desirable.

Instances of the sort I am lamenting, while the impressions remain fresh upon the mind, are sufficient to damp the gayest hopes, and chill the warmest ambition. When one sees a person, in the full bloom of life, thus destroyed by one sudden blast, one cannot but consider all the distant schemes of mankind as the highest folly.

It is amazing, indeed, that a creature such as man, with so many memorials around him of the shortness of his duration, and who cannot ensure to himself even the next moment, should yet plan designs which run far into futurity. The business, however, of life must be carried on, and it is necessary, for the purpose of human affairs, that mankind should resolutely act upon very precarious contingencies. Too much reflexion, therefore, is as inconsistent with the appointed measures of our station as too little; and there cannot be a less desirable turn of mind than one that is influenced by an over-refined philosophy. At least, it is by considerations



of this sort, that I endeavour to call off my thoughts from pursuing too earnestly those reasonings which the occasion of this letter is apt to suggest. This use, however, one may justly make of the present accident, that, whilst it contracts the circle of friendship, it should render it so much the more valuable to *us* who yet walk within its limits. Adieu. I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXIII.

TO HORTENSIVS.

**I**F the ingenious piece you communicated to me requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though, in the present instance, your delicacy seems far too refined, yet, in general, I must agree with you that works of the most permanent kind are not the effect of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections : *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur*, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application; and a



friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age, can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials before they can be properly adjusted; not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan, and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pangs it costs even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, *Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art; and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias, yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imaged to themselves a certain perfection



of eloquence which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment : and I am persuaded that he, who, upon a survey of his compositions, can, with entire complacency, pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the ancients, was supposed to bring her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass : he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly, we are told that, after having spent eleven years in composing his *Æneid*, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal of that glorious performance. But, being prevented, by his last sickness, from giving those finishing touches which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy Mr. Dryden tells us that, had he taken more time in translating this author, he might, possibly, have succeeded better, but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the



character of an author who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned. “It requires the greatest contraries to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be, upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit.” But though I know you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous, yet I must remind you, at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish it must necessarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator who was three olympiads in writing a single oration, and the extravagant expedition of that poet whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. Adieu, I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

TO ORONTES.

I INTENDED to have closed with your proposal, and passed a few weeks with you at \*\*\*; but some unlucky affairs have intervened, which will engage me, I fear, the remaining part of this season.

Among the amusements which the scene you are in affords, I should have esteemed the conversation of Timoclea as a very principal entertainment; and, as I know you are fond of singular characters, I recommend that lady to your acquaintance.

Timoclea was once a beauty; but ill health, and worse fortune, have ruined those charms, which time would yet have spared. However, what has spoiled her for a mistress has improved her as a companion; and she is far more conversable now as she has much less beauty than when I used to see her once a week triumphing in the drawing-room. For, as few women (whatever they may pretend) will value themselves upon their minds while they can gain admirers by their persons, Timoclea never thought of charming by her wit till she had no chance of making conquests by her beauty. She has seen a good deal of the world, and of the best company in it, as it is from thence she has derived whatever knowledge she possesses. You cannot, indeed, flatter her more than by seeming to consider her as fond of reading and retirement. But the truth is, nature formed her for the joys of society; and she is never so thoroughly pleased as when she has a circle round her.



It is upon those occasions she appears to full advantage as I never knew any person who was endowed with the talents for conversation to a higher degree. If I were disposed to write the characters of the age, Timoclea is the first person in the world to whose assistance I should apply. She has the happiest art of marking out the distinguishing cast of her acquaintance that I ever met with; and I have known her, in an afternoon's conversation, paint their manners with greater delicacy of judgment, and strength of colouring, than is to be found either in Theophrastus or La Bruyere.

She has an inexhaustible fund of wit : but if I may venture to distinguish where one knows not even how to define, I should say, it is rather brilliant than strong. This talent renders her the terror of all her female acquaintance ; yet she never sacrificed the absent, or mortified the present, merely for the sake of displaying the force of her satire : if any feel its sting, it is those only who first provoke it. Still however, it must be owned, that her resentments are frequently without just foundation, and almost always beyond measure. But, though she has much warmth, she has great generosity in her temper; and, with all her faults, she is well worth your knowing.

And now, having given you this general plan of the strength and weakness of the place, I leave you to make your approaches as you shall see proper. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

I LOOK upon verbal criticism, as it is generally exercised, to be no better than a sort of learned legerdemain, by which the sense or nonsense of a passage is artfully conveyed away, and some other introduced in its stead, as best suits with the purpose of the profound juggler. The dissertation you recommended to my perusal has but served to confirm me in these sentiments : for, though I admired the ingenuity of the artist, I could not but greatly suspect the justness of an art, which can thus press any author into the service of any hypothesis.

I have sometimes amused myself with considering the entertainment it would afford to those ancients, whose works have had the honour to be attended by our commentators, could they rise out of their sepulchres, and peruse some of those curious conjectures that have been raised upon their respective compositions. Were Horace, for instance, to read over only a few of those numberless restorers of his text, and expositors of his meaning that have infested the republic of letters—what a fund of pleasantries might he extract for a satire on critical erudition ! How many harmless words would he see cruelly banished from their rightful possessions merely because they happened to disturb some unmerciful philologist ! On the other hand, he would, undoubtedly, smile, at that



penetrating sagacity which has discovered meanings which never entered into his thoughts, and found out concealed allusions in his most plain and artless expressions.

One could not, I think, set the general absurdity of critical conjectures in a stronger light than by applying them to something parallel in our own writers. If the English tongue should ever become a dead language, and our best authors be raised into the rank of classic writers, much of the force and propriety of their expressions, especially of such as turned upon humour, or alluded to any manners peculiar to the age, would inevitably be lost, or, at best, would be extremely doubtful. How would it puzzle, for instance, future commentators to explain Swift's epigram upon our musical contest! I imagine one might find them descanting upon that little humorous sally of our English Rabelais in some such manner as this:

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL  
AND BONONCINI.

Strange all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

*Notes of various Authors.*

“ *Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.* ] I am per-  
“ suaded the poet gave it *Twiddle drum* and  
“ *Twiddle key*. To *twiddle* signifies to make a  
“ certain ridiculous motion with the fingers : what



“ word, therefore, could be more proper to express  
“ this epigram-writer’s contempt of the performances  
“ of those musicians, and of the folly of his con-  
“ temporaries in running into parties upon so absurd  
“ an occasion! The *drum* was a certain martial  
“ instrument used in those times; as the word *key*  
“ is a technical term in music, importing the fun-  
“ damental note which regulates the whole com-  
“ position. It means also those little pieces of  
“ wood which the fingers strike against in an  
“ organ, &c. in order to make the instrument  
“ sound. The alteration here proposed is so *obvious*  
“ and *natural* that I am surprised none of the  
“ commentators hit upon it before. *L. C. D.*”

“ *Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee* ] These words  
“ have greatly embarrassed the critics who are  
“ extremely expert in finding a difficulty where  
“ there is none. *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee*  
“ are, *most undoubtedly*, the names of the two mu-  
“ sicians; and, though they are styled by different  
“ appellations in the title of this epigram, yet that  
“ is *no objection*; for it is well known that persons,  
“ in those times, had more surnames than one.  
“ *S. M.*” Absurd!—here is evidently an error of  
“ the press, for there is not a single hint in all  
“ antiquity of the family of the *Tweedle-dums* and  
“ *Tweedle-dees*. The learned *S. M.* therefore  
“ nodded when he undertook to explain this  
“ passage. The sense will be very plain if we  
“ read, with a small alteration, *Wheedle-TOM*, and  
“ *Waddle-THE*; *THE* being a known contraction  
“ for *Theodore*, as *TOM* is for *Thomas*. *Waddle*



“ and *Wheedle* are likewise classical words. Thus  
 “ Pope :

“ As when a dab-chick *waddles* thro’ the copse.  
*Dun.* II, 59.

“ Obliquely *waddling* to the mark in view.  
*Ibid.* II, 150.

“ And though, indeed, I do not recollect to have  
 “ met with the verb *to wheedle* in any pure author,  
 “ yet it is *plain* that it was in use, since we find  
 “ the participle *wheedling* in an ancient tragedy  
 “ composed about those times :

“ A laughing, toying, *wheedling*, whimp’ring She  
 “ Will make him amble on a gossip’s message,  
 “ And hold the distaff with a hand as patient  
 “ As e’er did Hercules. *Jane Shore.*

“ *Thomas* and *Theodore*, therefore, were *most cer-*  
 “ *tainly* the christian names of these two musicians,  
 “ to the contractions of which the words *wheedle*  
 “ and *waddle* are added as characteristical of the  
 “ persons and dispositions of the men : the former  
 “ implying that *TOM* was a mean sycophant, and  
 “ the latter that *THE* had an awkward and ridi-  
 “ culous gait. *F. J. Z.*”

I know not, Orontes, how I shall escape your satire for venturing to be thus free with a science which is sometimes, I think, admitted into a share of your meditations : yet, tell me honestly, is not this a faithful specimen of the spirit and talents of the *general* class of critic-writers? Far am I



however, from thinking irreverently of those useful members of the republic of letters, who, with modesty and proper diffidence, have offered their assistance in throwing a light upon obscure passages in ancient authors. Even when this spirit breaks out in its highest pride and petulance of reformation, if it confines itself to classical inquiries, I can be contented with treating it only as an object of ridicule. But, I must confess, when I find it, with an assured and confident air, supporting religious or political doctrines upon the very uncertain foundation of various readings, forced analogies, and precarious conjectures, it is not without some difficulty I can suppress my indignation. Farewel. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXVI.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

IF you received the first account of my loss from other hands than mine, you must impute it to the dejection of mind into which that accident threw me. The blow, indeed, fell with too much severity to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater shock to a breast of any sensibility than to see its earliest and most valuable connexions irreparably broken; than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared object of its highest veneration. At least, the



affection and esteem I bore to that excellent parent were founded upon so many and such uncommon motives, that his death has given me occasion to lament not only a most tender father, but a most valuable friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the benefit of his animating example is one among the many aggravating circumstances of my affliction; and I often apply to myself what an excellent ancient has said upon a similar occasion, *Vereor ne nunc negligentius vivam*. There is nothing, in truth, puts us so much upon our guard as to act under the constant inspection of one, whose virtues, as well as years, have rendered venerable. Never, indeed, did the dignity of goodness appear more irresistible in any man : yet there was something, at the same time, so gentle in his manners, such an innocence and cheerfulness in his conversation, that he was as sure to gain affection as to inspire reverence.

It has been observed (and I think by Cowley) “ that a man in much business must either make  
“ himself a knave, or the world will make him a  
“ fool.” If there is any truth in this observation, it is not, however, without an exception. My father was early engaged in the great scenes of business, where he continued almost to his very last hour; yet he preserved his integrity firm and unbroken through all those powerful assaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a course of action.

If it were justice, indeed, to his other virtues,



to single out any particular one as shining with superior lustre to the rest, I should point to his probity as the brightest part of his character. But the truth is, the whole tenor of his conduct was one uniform exercise of every moral quality that can adorn and exalt human nature. To defend the injured, to relieve the indigent, to protect the distressed, was the chief end and aim of all his endeavours; and his principal motive, both for engaging and persevering in his profession, was to enable himself more abundantly to gratify so glorious an ambition.

No man had a higher relish of the pleasures of retired and contemplative life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm scenes with greater ease and dignity. He had nothing to make him desirous of flying from the reflections of his own mind, nor any passions which his moderate patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only was not consistent with his generous and enlarged sentiments. It was a spirit of benevolence that led him into the active scenes of the world, which, upon any other principle, he would either never have entered, or soon have renounced. And it was that godlike spirit which conducted and supported him, through his useful progress, to the honour and interest of his family and friends, and to the benefit of every creature that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive circle of his beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high



regard you pay to every character of merit in general, and the esteem in which you held this most valuable man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me were I to make an apology for leaving with you this private monument of my veneration for a parent, whose least and lowest claim to my gratitude and esteem is, that I am indebted to him for my birth. Adieu. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXVII.

TO PHILOTES.

I AM particularly pleased with a passage in Homer, wherein Jupiter is represented as taking off his eyes, with a sort of satiety, from the horror of the field of battle, and relieving himself with a view of the Hippomolgi, a people famous, it seems, for their innocence and simplicity of manners. It is in order to practise the same kind of experiment, and give myself a short remission from that scene of turbulence and contention in which I am engaged, that I now turn my thoughts on you, Philotes, whose temperance and moderation may well justify me in calling you a modern Hippomolgian.

I forget which of the ancients it is that recommends this method of thinking over the virtues of one's acquaintance : but I am sure it is sometimes necessary to do so in order to keep one's self in



humour with our species, and preserve the spirit of philanthropy from being entirely extinguished. Those who frequent the ambitious walks of life are apt to take their estimate of mankind from the small part of it that lies before them, and consider the rest of the world as practising, in different and under parts, the same treachery and dissimulation, which mark out the characters of their superiors. It is difficult, indeed, to preserve the mind from falling into a general contempt of our race, whilst one is conversant with the worst part of it. I labour, however, as much as possible, to guard against that ungenerous disposition; as nothing is so apt to kill those seeds of benevolence which every man should endeavour to cultivate in his breast.

Ill, surely, therefore, have those wits employed their talents who have made our species the object of their satire, and affected to subdue the vanity by derogating from the virtues of the human heart. But it will be found, I believe, upon an impartial examination, that there is more folly than malice in our natures, and that mankind oftener act wrong through ignorance than design. Perhaps the true measures of human merit is neither to be taken from the histories of former times, nor from what passes in the more striking scenes of the present generation. The greatest virtues have, probably, been ever the most obscure; and I am persuaded, in all ages of the world, more genuine heroism has been overlooked and unknown than either recorded or observed. That *aliquid divinum*, as



Tully calls it, that celestial spark, which every man, who coolly contemplates his own mind, may discover within him, operates where we least look for it, and often raises the noblest productions of virtue in the shade and obscurity of life.

But it is time to quit speculation for action, and return to the common affairs of the world. I shall certainly do so with more advantage by keeping Philotes still in my view; as I shall enter into the interests of mankind with more alacrity by thus considering the virtues of his honest heart as less singular than I am sometimes inclined to suppose. Adieu. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

I AM by no means in the sentiments of that Grecian of your acquaintance, who, as often as he was pressed to marry, replied either that it was too soon or too late; and I think my favourite author, the honest Montaigne, a little too severe when he observes, upon this story, *qu'il faut refuser l'opportunité à toute action importune*: for

— higher of the genial bed by far  
And with mysterious reverence I deem.

MILTON.

However, I am not adventurous enough to join



with those friends you mention, who are soliciting you, it seems, to look out for an engagement of this kind. It is an union which requires so much delicacy in the cementing, it is a commerce where so many nice circumstances must concur to render it successful, that I would not venture to pronounce of any two persons that they are qualified for each other.

I do not know a woman in the world who seems more formed to render a man of sense and generosity happy in this state than Amasia : yet I should scarcely have courage to recommend even Amasia to my friend. You have seen her, I dare say, a thousand times ; but I am persuaded she never attracted your particular observation, for she is in the number of those who are ever overlooked in a crowd. As often as I converse with her, she puts me in mind of the golden age : there is an innocency and simplicity in all her words and actions that equals any thing the poets have described of those pure and artless times. Indeed the greatest part of her life has been spent much in the same way as the early inhabitants of the world, in that blameless period of it, used, we are told, to dispose of theirs ; under the shade and shelter of her own venerable oaks, and in those rural amusements which are sure to produce a confirmed habit both of health and cheerfulness. Amasia never said, or attempted to say, a sprightly thing in all her life ; but she has done ten thousand generous ones : and if she is not the most conspicuous figure at an assembly, she never envied



or maligned those who are. Her heart is all tenderness and benevolence : no success ever attended any of her acquaintance which did not fill her bosom with the most disinterested complacency ; as no misfortune ever reached her knowledge that she did not relieve or participate by her generosity. If ever she should fall into the hands of a man she loves (and I am persuaded she would esteem it the worst kind of prostitution to resign herself, into any other), her whole life would be one continued series of kindness and compliance. The humble opinion she has of her own uncommon merit would make her so much the more sensible of her husband's ; and those little submissions on his side, which a woman of more pride and spirit would consider only as a claim of right, would be esteemed by Amasia as so many additional motives to her love and gratitude.

But, if I dwell any longer upon this amiable picture, I may be in danger, perhaps, of resembling that ancient artist who grew enamoured with the production of this own pencil : for my security, therefore, as well as to put an end to your trouble, it will be best, I believe, to stop here. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXXIX.

TO PHILOTES.

THERE is no advantage which attends a popular genius that I am so much inclined to envy as the privilege of rendering merit conspicuous. An author who has raised the attention of the public to his productions, and gained a whole nation for his audience, may be considered as guardian of the temple of Fame, and invested with the prerogative of giving entrance to whomsoever he deems worthy of that glorious distinction. But the praise of an ordinary writer obstructs rather than advances the honour due to merit, and sullies the lustre it means to celebrate. Impotent panegyric operates like a blight wherever it falls, and injures all that it touches. Accordingly, Henry the IV<sup>th</sup> of France was wont humorously to ascribe his early grey hairs to the effect of numberless wretched compliments which were paid him by a certain ridiculous orator of his times. But, though the wreaths of folly should not disgrace the temple they surround, they wither, at least, as soon as received; and if they should not be offensive, most certainly, however, they will be transient: whereas those, on the contrary, with which an Horace or a Boileau, an Addison or a Pope, have crowned the virtues of their contemporaries, are as permanent as they are illustrious, and will preserve their colours and fragrance to remotest ages.

If I could thus weave the garlands of unfading applause — if I were in the number of those



chosen spirits whose approbation is fame — your friend should not want that distinguishing tribute which his virtues deserve, and you request. I would tell the world (and tell it in a voice that should be heard far, and remembered long) that Eusebes, with all the knowledge and experience of these later ages, has all the innocence and simplicity of the earliest : that he enforces the doctrines of his sacred function, not with the vain pomp of ostentatious eloquence, but with the far more powerful persuasion of active and exemplary virtue : that he softens the severity of precept with the ease and familiarity of conversation ; and, by generously mingling with the meanest committed to his care, insinuates the instructor under the air of the companion : that, whilst he thus fills up the circle of his private station, he will turn his regards to the public, and employ his genius, his industry, and his fortune, in prosecuting and perfecting those discoveries which tend most to the general benefit of mankind : in a word, that whilst others of his order are contending for the ambitious prizes of ecclesiastical dignities, it is his glorious pre-eminence to merit the highest without enjoying or soliciting even the lowest. This, and yet more than this, the world should hear of your friend, if the world were inclined to listen to my voice. But though you, perhaps, Philotes, may be willing to give audience to my Muse,

*namque tu solebas*

*Meas esse aliquid putare nugas,* CATUL.

can she hope to find favour, likewise, in the



sight of the public ? Let me, then, rather content myself with the silent admiration of those virtues which I am not worthy to celebrate; and leave it to others to place the good works of Eusebes where they may *shine forth before men*. I am, &c.

THE END.

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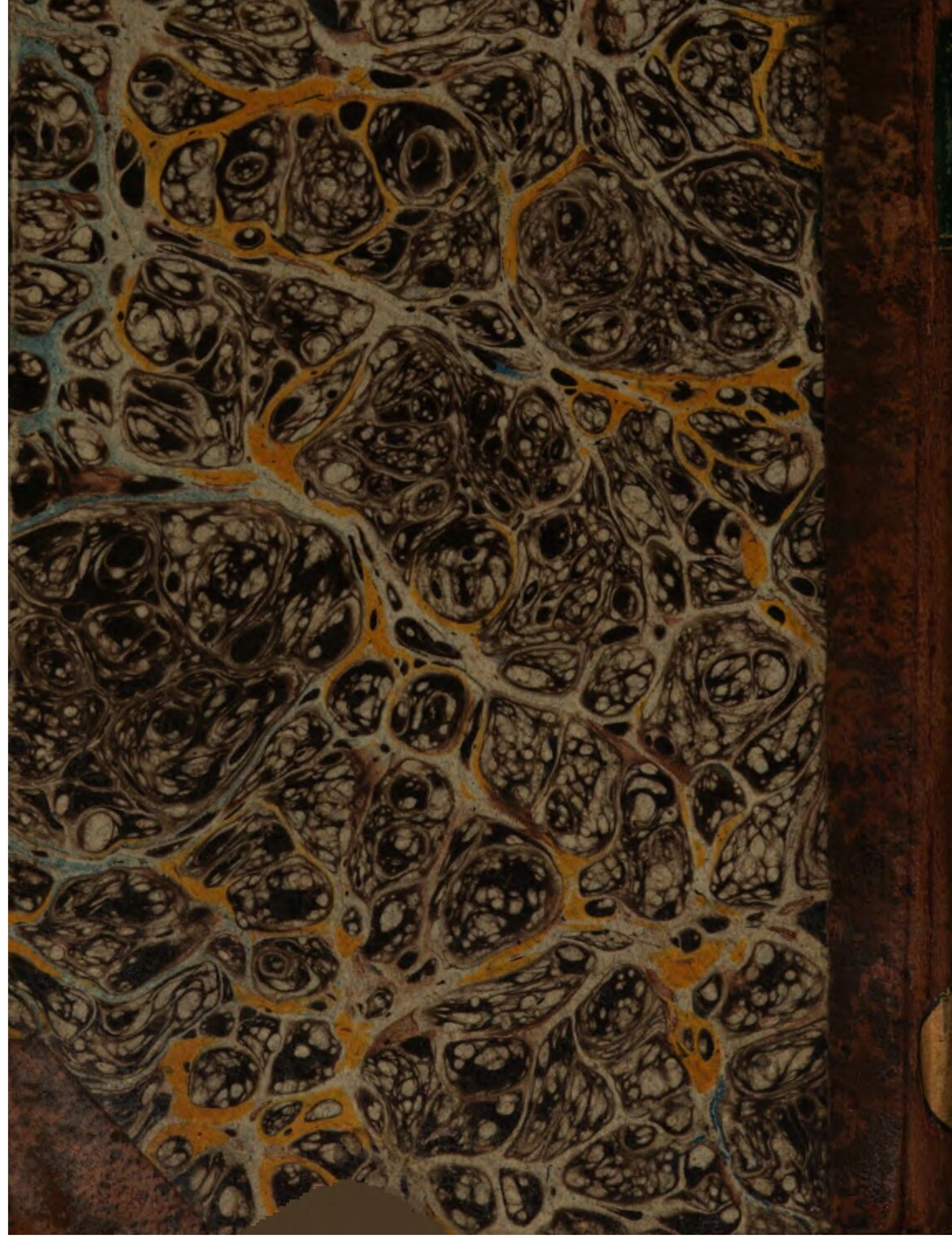








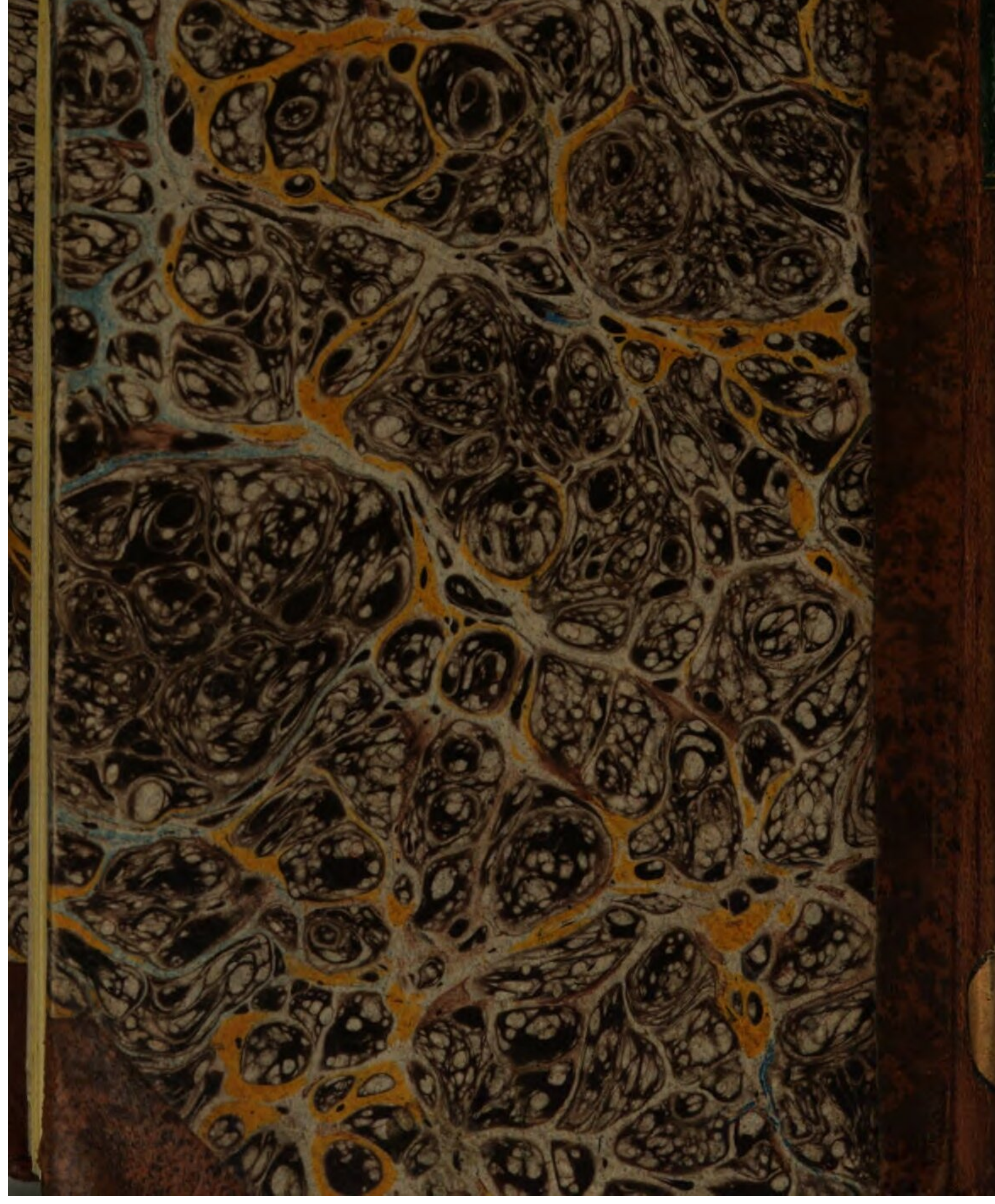








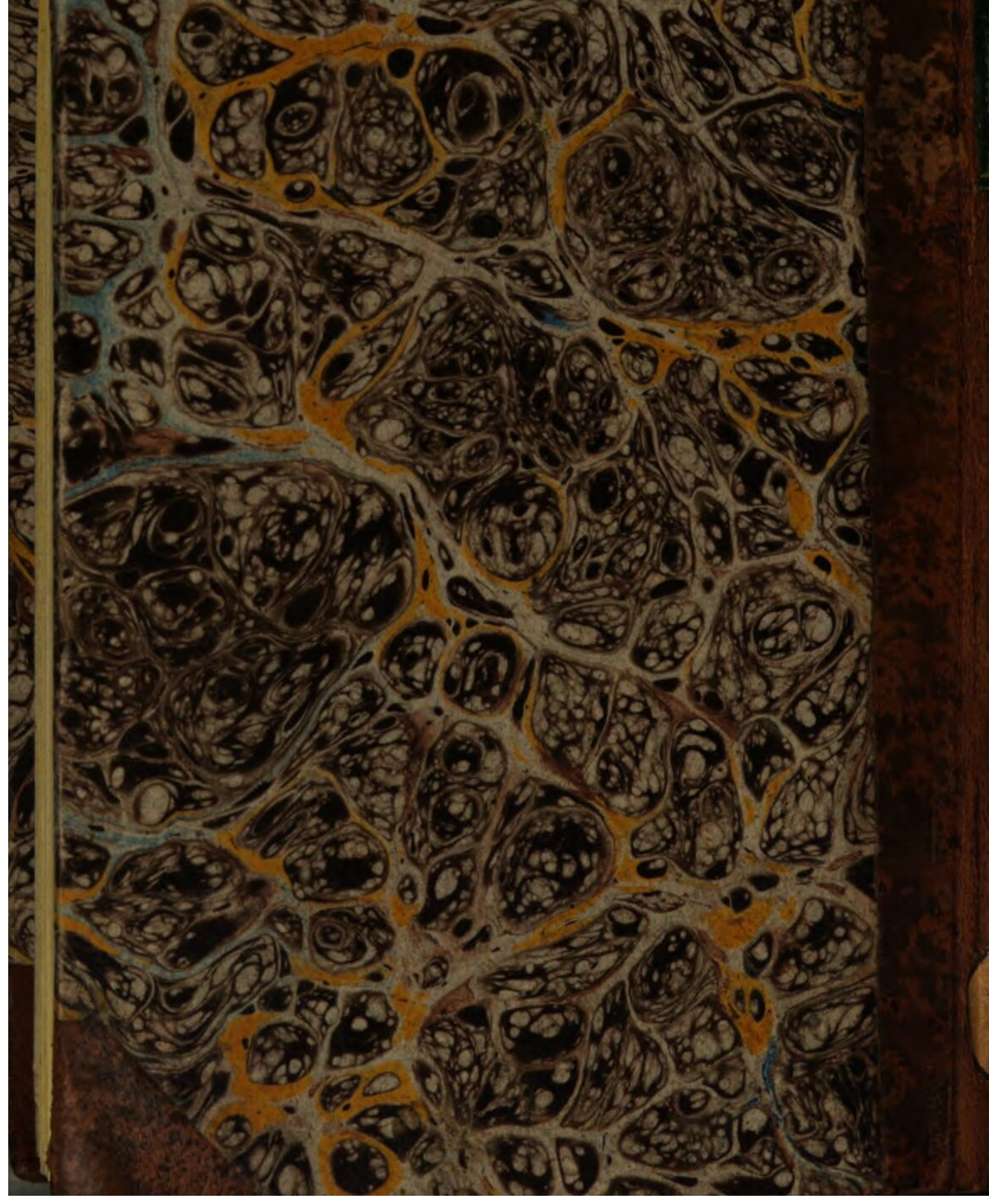








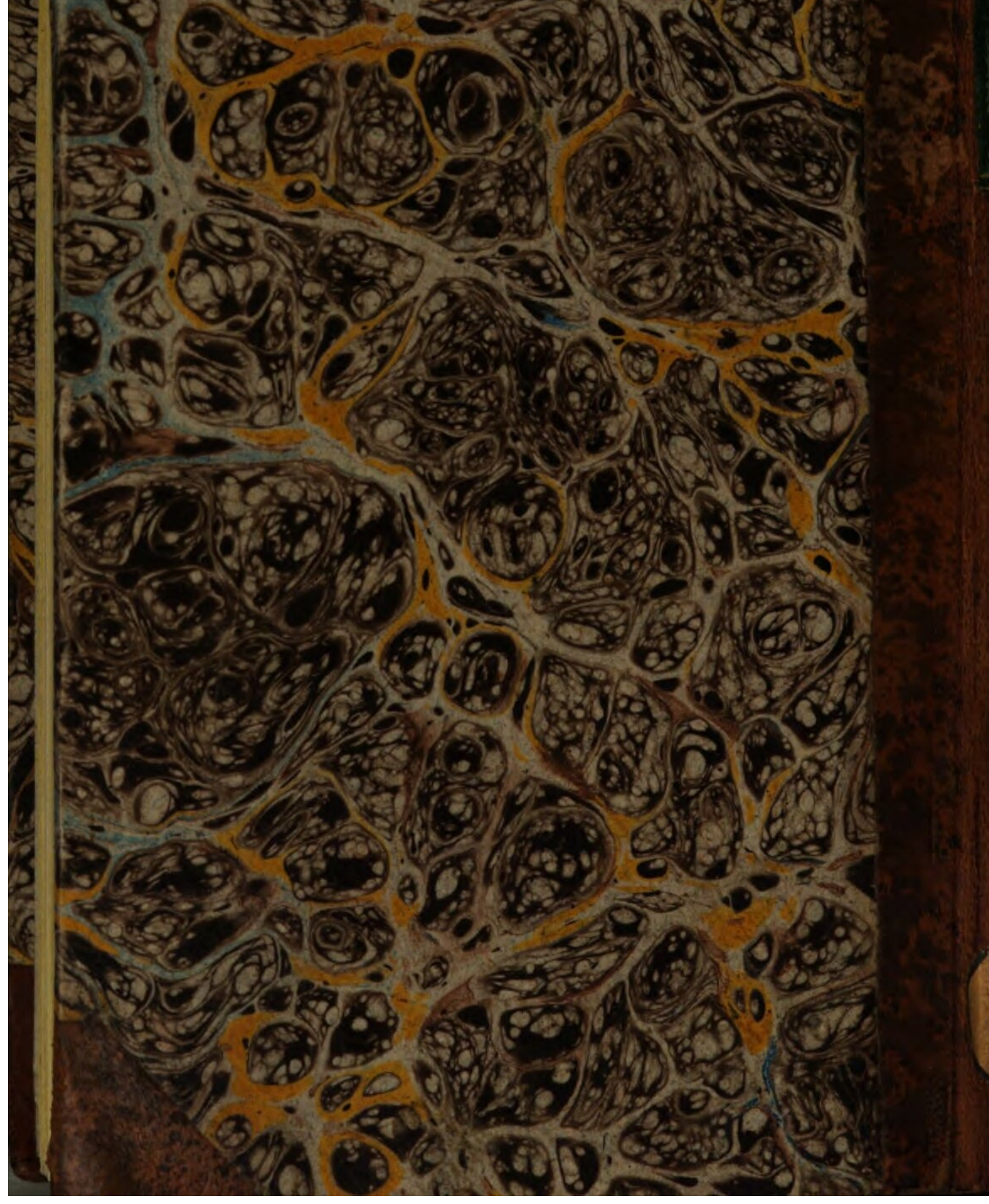






























Shakespeare, William,

The Beauties of Shakspeare being elegant extracts carefully selected from  
all his plays ; with a dictionary of obscure of antiquated words

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